

The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXIII., No. 25.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1923.

[THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4873.]

CONTENTS

	PAGE		
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	763	REVIEWS (continued)—	
THE COUP D'ETAT IN SPAIN	766	Simplicity and Simplification By L. P. Hartley	779
LABOUR'S THINKERS IN TRAVAIL	767	The Fretfulness of Mr. Walkley. By F. B.	780
THE LANDSCAPE OF EUROPE. By A. G. G.	768	A Gossiping Diarist. By F. W. Stokoe	780
THE COMPETENCE OF THE LEAGUE. By G. Lowes Dickinson	769	The Shakespeare Saga. By Louis Golding	781
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Omicron	770	"Had We but World enough and Time . . ." By	
T. S. ELIOT. By Clive Bell	772	George Rylands	781
MAN, MELODION, SNOWFLAKES. By Herbert Read	773	Mental Athletics. By Amethe McEwen	782
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By An Admirer of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, H. C. Booth, Mrs. L. L'Estrange Malone, Richard E. St. Barbe Baker, C. Creighton, M.D., Mrs. A. A. Cottam, and Grace Guiney	774	BOOKS IN BRIEF (The Philosophy of Civilization; Wallpaper: its History, Design, and Use; The Wings of the Dove; Chats on Old English Drawings)	783
POETRY:—		MUSIC:—	
The Flight. By H. H. Bashford	776	Pergolesi Up to Date. By Edward J. Dent	783
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Leonard Woolf	777	ART:—	
REVIEWS:—		Industrial Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum. By R. H. W.	784
"The Hulseans." By Augustine Birrell	778	THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	786
Early Chinese Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell	778	THE WEEK'S BOOKS	788
		FINANCE AND INVESTMENT By L. D. W.	790

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE German Government has announced a new financial and currency programme. The Reichsbank is to be separated from the State, so that it can "resume its functions as a gold-note bank at the service of the German economic system," and it is no longer to discount Treasury Bills. The existing paper mark is to continue in circulation, though it will cease to be legal tender; and to meet the needs of the transitional stage before the Budget is balanced, and the new Reichsbank gold currency established, a fresh bank of issue is to be set up to issue a third variety of currency, which is to be legal tender, and into which the present mark is to be convertible at a fixed rate of exchange. The crucial point in the scheme is, of course, the stability of this last currency; and there is no good reason for supposing that it will depreciate any less rapidly than the existing mark. It is not to be convertible into gold; and in the circumstances the provision that it is to be "supported by gold backing drawn from a compulsory levy on agriculture, industry, trade, and banking" has little more than a superstitious value. No banking or currency device can serve to arrest the present chaos, unless steps are taken simultaneously to balance the Budget; and, though a policy of severe retrenchment is announced, it is almost impossible that this can suffice, so long as the Reich continues to give financial support to the passive resistance in the Ruhr.

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As the financial and economic system of Germany goes from bad to worse, M. Poincaré fills in the picture of his policy with greater precision. The French Premier declares that "neither in the matter of Reparations nor in that of security shall we drop the substance for the shadow." In his speech at Brioules on the 17th he went into the question of a guarantee pact from the side of Great Britain, and took pains to make it clear that nothing that a British Government either had offered or conceivably could offer would be a satisfactory substitute to France for the guarantees that she already holds—or thinks that she holds—in her own hands. "A pact confined to the Rhine frontiers would add nothing to the text of the Treaty. It would even involve

the grave inconvenience of weakening the general pact," since it would apply neither to the Czecho-Slovak nor to the Polish frontier; nor would France look at any proposal which did not assume, in the event of an attack upon her, a more "rapid and effective military assistance" than that which she received from us in 1914. To what, then, is she looking? Partly to the States of the Little Entente, who have an identical interest with hers in the preservation of the post-war territorial arrangements; partly to her "valiant and faithful black troops," whom Germany "attempts to discredit" because she does not wish France to be "a nation of a hundred million men." The fifteen years prescribed by the Treaty for the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine "have not yet begun to run." A policy as rigid as a bar of cast-iron, and probably as brittle.

* * *

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has at last announced that Corfu will be evacuated on September 27th, the date by which the special Commission of Inquiry into the Epirus murders is to conclude its investigation, and this whatever the results of the investigation may be. The situation is made clearer by the fact that the Ambassadors, in their second Note to Greece of the 14th instant, have precisely defined the penalties to which Greece will become liable in the two possible alternatives. Should the culprits be discovered by the Commission, a monetary penalty is to be assessed upon Greece, as provided in the previous Note, by the International Court at the Hague, the amount of which will depend on the circumstances brought to light by the inquiry. If, however, the Commission fails to trace the authorship of the crime, the Ambassadors are then to decide, on the basis of the Commission's report, whether Greece has fulfilled her undertaking "to ensure in all the desirable conditions of celerity the search for and the exemplary punishment of the culprits"; and should their decision be unfavourable to Greece, they warn her that she may be condemned, by them, to a monetary penalty up to a maximum of 50 million lire—the amount now in deposit with the International Court. In that event, the Court will be asked to release the money, which Greece will pay over

to Italy, and the good offices of the Court will not be sought by any of the parties except by Italy, who may refer to the Court her claims against Greece for the cost of occupying Corfu. Fortunately, on the programme just outlined, this second question cannot be raised until Corfu is out of Italy's hands. In these circumstances, it may have some chance of being tried on its merits, and if Italy really raises the issue, the Court can hardly avoid pronouncing on the general question of the seizure of territorial pledges.

MEANWHILE, Signor Mussolini, cheated of further opportunity to play the naughty boy towards the League over his brush with Greece, is making the most of the field still offered him by Fiume. On the 17th it was announced that both Jugo-Slavia and Italy had registered the Treaty of Rapallo (1920) and the Agreement and Conventions of Santa Margherita (1922) with the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and that the first steps had been taken in the Italian evacuation of Corfu; but this momentary relief has been more than outbalanced by the sudden dispatch of the Italian General Giordano to Fiume to "maintain order" there as military governor. Technically, this is just as much an act of war as the seizure of Corfu, since a treaty signed by Italy herself has constituted Fiume an independent State, whose independence Italy now violates the moment after she has submitted the treaty for registration, and while she is in the middle of a delicate course of negotiations with the other party, Jugo-Slavia. This is, indeed, to play with fire, for Jugo-Slavia is a military power of a different calibre from Greece, and Signor Mussolini's *coup* may be a positive godsend to the "Greater Serbian" politicians in power at Belgrade from the point of view of internal politics. The Fiume question primarily concerns the Croats; and Italian aggression at this juncture will do more than anything to discredit Mr. Raditch's separatism and pacifism, and to demonstrate to his countrymen the compensations to be found in union with Serbia. It remains to be seen whether M. Poincaré, to whom the parties have referred their dispute, and who has the strongest motives, from the French point of view, for preventing a conflict between Italy and the Little Entente, will still be able to control the situation. For the unfortunate population of Fiume (whose interests have received scant consideration throughout the controversy) the present situation is appalling; but it would only grow worse if the port was linked up more closely with Italy and separated more sharply from Jugo-Slavia, which, for permanent geographical reasons, is its only possible economic hinterland.

POPULAR misconceptions as to the part the League of Nations might and might not have played in the Italo-Greek dispute should be in large measure dispelled—despite Mr. Lloyd George's confused, uninformed, and self-contradictory endeavour to mislead the public mind—by the very lucid *exposé* of Lord Robert Cecil before the League Council on Monday. If the League had been a Superstate (which American critics in particular insist it must not be, but always try to make it) it could no doubt have swept the Ambassadors' Conference from its path and settled the whole Greco-Italian affair by the simple and primitive method of coercion. If, on the other hand, it were merely a debating society, as critics of the opposite school are equally emphatic in declaring it is, it would have clutched at the opportunity to evade all responsibility, and let the Ambassadors do the work. The fact that Greece definitely appealed to it made that course as impossible as it was undesirable, and the League

Council, moving firmly if undramatically along the lines prescribed by the Covenant, succeeded in making a contribution of the most substantial importance to the settlement of the problem. Everyone who knows anything of the underlying facts is satisfied that much more was done at Geneva than at Paris to curb Signor Mussolini's ambitions, though it was the concerted, if informal, voice of the Assembly even more than of the Council that finally decided the issue. By what Lord Robert Cecil rather happily called its "mingled activity and inactivity, action and self-restraint," the Council has succeeded in preserving peace in Europe and securing a settlement of the original dispute which both Italy and Greece have agreed to accept, and both are content to call equitable. That may satisfy the extremists neither of the Right nor of the Left, but provided the fundamental issues Italy has raised on the question of competence are fairly faced, the Council may be congratulated on its sagacious handling of a singularly delicate situation.

THE intervention of an accredited delegate of the United States of America in the discussions of one of the six main committees of the League of Nations Assembly is in its way an historic little incident. Not much in the way of inference can safely be drawn from the occurrence, though some kindling of hope is excusable when the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives declares in a Geneva committee-room that the movement he is concerned with will yield better results "if it has the prestige of the League of Nations at the back of it" than if initiated by the United States or any other single nation. Mr. Stephen Porter is visiting Geneva for the second time this year in the hope of seeing another step taken towards the adoption of that scheme of drug traffic and control which he pressed with considerable success on the League's Opium Advisory Commission some months ago. The Commission now feels itself in possession of sufficient information to go definitely forward with proposals for the restriction of the world's drug production to the figure found necessary for strictly medical and scientific purposes. Unfortunately, progress is still being impeded by the failure of certain Governments, notably those of Switzerland, Persia, and Turkey, to ratify The Hague Opium Convention of 1912. This remissness in ratifying international instruments, indeed, is proving a serious obstacle to the League's activity generally. As the Assembly has lately been reminded, not one of the amendments to the Covenant adopted by the Assembly of 1921 has yet received sufficient ratifications to bring it into force. It is quite true that, even so, ratification has been more rapid than before the League came into being; but the joint international action the League exists to initiate will be very seriously hindered unless Governments are prepared to ratify promptly the engagements their accredited representatives have signed in their name.

WHILE Spain has so far failed in her attempt to pacify her zone in Morocco, the Rifis, all unconsciously, have produced a revolution in Spain. The cost to Spain of her Moroccan enterprise in lives, money, and prestige during the last dozen years, has steadily increased the dissatisfaction of the Spaniards with their rulers; while the maladministration of the campaign has caused a growing discontent in the Army, which has at last broken out in a revolt, not against this or that party, but against the existing system of government. When the Marquis de Estella made his *pronunciamiento* at Barce-

lona at the end of last week, the effect was immediate. The King not only dismissed his Ministers but suspended constitutional government, abolished all Ministries except those of War and Foreign Affairs, deposed at one stroke all the local civil governors, and made over their powers to regional committees of generals representing the different arms. The Marquis de Estella has been confirmed in the position (neither "Dictator" nor "Prime Minister," as he expresses it himself) which he had seized already. What will he do with it? He is reported to have declared in favour of a general system of regional autonomy, but he is likely to oppose firmly the demands of the Catalan Separatists. On other questions he has still to show his hand. The episode bears a strong superficial resemblance to Signor Mussolini's *coup*; but the parallel with Fascism must not be pushed too far.

* * *

THE Bradford Chamber of Commerce has applied for protection for the woollen and worsted industry; and the Bradford and District Manufacturers' Association has sent a deputation on the matter to the Board of Trade, where they are reported to have received a "sympathetic" hearing. This application constitutes the most fundamental challenge to our Free Trade system which has yet been made under the Safeguarding of Industries Act. It is not a case of an industry like the manufacture of dyes, which can be diverted speedily in time of war to the production of munitions. Nor is it a case of a little struggling trade like that in fabric gloves. The woollen and worsted industry does an extensive export trade; it is, indeed, one of those important export industries on the maintenance of which our survival as a great industrial nation depends. If it cannot hold its own in the home market without protection it obviously cannot hope to keep its place in foreign markets. It is, indeed, humiliating to find such an industry confessing itself ready to throw up the sponge by clamouring for protection. The Yorkshire manufacturers might have learnt a lesson in farsightedness from the robust tradition of the Lancashire cotton industry, which is faced with difficulties certainly no less acute than theirs. The competition, moreover, of which they complain comes not from Germany (or any other country with a demoralized currency), but from France; and the conception of countries with "depreciated exchanges" will lose any rational significance, as a basis for the Safeguarding of Industries Act, if it is held to apply to a currency whose external does not differ widely from its internal value.

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THE Bradford application is likely to bring to a head the wider question of the future of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. The Act is due to expire in August, 1924. Several months must in any case elapse before an import duty on woollen goods can be imposed. There must first be an inquiry by a committee, then an Order by the President of the Board of Trade, and then a resolution of the House of Commons. In the meantime, imports would be stimulated by the prospect of a duty later on; and it would therefore be manifestly absurd to agitate for the duty if it were really to be removed next August. All this Sir Sydney Chapman appears to have pointed out to the deputation; but the information failed to impress them, because, of course, they hope that the Act will not be allowed to expire. The Cabinet will thus have to make up their minds on this matter very soon; and it will be an awkward question for them, since they comprise thoroughgoing Protectionists and convinced Free Traders like Lord Robert Cecil, who are alike men of principle

with an instinctive distaste for the sort of compromise with which the late Coalition plastered the issue over. To add to their troubles, the farmers are reported to have decided to press seriously for protection for agriculture; and it would be very invidious for Conservative country members to support protection for industry in general while leaving agriculture out. On the other hand, the taxation of food has lost none of its electoral disadvantages. It is not unlikely that the general issue of Free Trade or Protection may shortly have to be fought out squarely.

* * *

As President of the Economic Section of the British Association, Sir William Beveridge delivered a very interesting address on "Population and Unemployment" at Liverpool on the 17th inst. Many educated people, he said, were troubled by the fear that probably Europe, and certainly this country, were over-populated. If they were asked to give reasons for their fear they would point to the enormous volume of unemployment in this country, and would say that economic science, at least at Cambridge, had already pronounced its verdict. Both history and the present circumstances of Britain and Germany showed, however, the peril of inferring over-population from unemployment. Turning to the "argument from authority," Sir William adduced statistics tending to show that up to the outbreak of war the production of corn in Europe was increasing faster than the population, and the price of corn was falling relatively to the price of other commodities. In Britain there had certainly been some check to progress at the beginning of this century, but "before the war the position called for serious thought, not tears or panic."

* * *

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE was not so optimistic, however, in his discussion of the *present* position of this country. He drew a "pregnant analogy" between the position of Britain after the War and that of German-Austria:—

"Vienna remains a head grotesquely too large for the shrunken body of German-Austria, manifestly over-populated, as little able to support its former members at their former standard as would be Monaco if the nations gave up gambling, or Gibraltar if they gave up war. It is over-populated, not through exhaustion of its natural resources, not because in the past its people were too prolific, but because the world outside has changed too suddenly.

"*De nobis fabula*—the fate of German-Austria is the moral for Britain. No other country of comparable size is so highly specialized as Britain. None produces so small a proportion of the food that it requires, or of the raw materials of its industries. . . . No other country, therefore, is so completely dependent upon the restoration of peace and trade and economic co-operation. None is destined to suffer so acutely from any general disorder. . . ."

With this diagnosis few will quarrel, but when he proceeds to argue that a diminished birth-rate would not help matters, Sir William is more difficult to follow. Excessive fecundity may not have been a cause of over-population in either Vienna or Britain, but surely a high birth-rate in Vienna now would add to her misfortunes. Sir William Beveridge was careful to point out that his argument does not in any case discredit the fundamental principle of Malthus. "The idea that mankind . . . can control death by art and leave births to Nature, is biologically absurd." Two inquiries are therefore called for: the first, "an investigation into the potential agricultural resources of the world"; the second, "an investigation of the physical, psychological, and social effects of that restriction of fertility which has now become a leading feature of the problem."

THE COUP D'ÉTAT IN SPAIN.

THE general impulse on reading of the military *coup d'état* in Spain will be to ask how far it is connected with the wide-spread reactionary tendencies of which Fascismo is the most notable development. Any such analogy is likely to be misleading. Spanish politics have seldom reflected at all closely the general conditions in Europe, and neither the causes nor the probable consequences of recent events in Spain can be accurately appreciated except in relation to the peculiar characteristics of Spanish public life.

Despite the existence of Parliamentary institutions, Spain has never had a true representative system. Except in the big towns, a Spanish election is really settled before the voting takes place. It is a foregone conclusion that the nominees of a particular group will be elected; so that a prospective deputy's task is simply to get himself nominated by the most powerful committee. The controlling committees are strongly representative of the landed interest, and are generally made up of local landowners, big peasant farmers, and landowners' agents—a sort of unofficial civil service attached to the territorial families. The Cortes so formed are completely unrepresentative; the deputies are out of touch with the electors; and by the method of their election quite unable to pass any comprehensive plan of land reform, the only measure in which the mass of the population is interested. A large number of deputies regard their posts as sinecures; and the Cabinets formed from the Cortes exaggerate their defects. It would be wrong to say that the community dislikes the system: it has merely ignored it; with the result that when a series of disasters abroad made the civilian Ministers unpopular, the representative bodies were dismissed at the will of a military commander, without sufficient disturbance to break a pane of glass.

The enmity between the army and the political Government is deep-seated, and has little relation to the Republican movement in Spain. The army is undoubtedly monarchical in sentiment, but the King is popular with the mass of the people; and the Republican movement, mainly confined to sections of the *bourgeoisie* and the smaller nobles, is not formidable. The army's policy is actuated by a sense of their own grievances. Years before the Moroccan campaign, the corps of officers had formed committees in every military unit to fight the system of promotion by private interests. The object was excellent: the method doubtful. Officers who failed to obtain support of the committees found themselves faced with such resistance from their subordinates that they were unable to perform the duties of their office. The military juntas maintained that they were keeping the army clear of political interference; their opponents accused them of undermining discipline—and both had reason on their side.

Some months ago the King entered the controversy, and sided with the constituted authorities. His attitude was, however, only understood in part. If his speech on the subject is read closely, it becomes quite evident that he was acting solely in the interests of army discipline, and not, as the Liberal Press maintained, in defence of the political constitution.

The disasters in Morocco brought the antagonism between the army and the political leaders to a head. It was agreed that military leaders whose negligence and incompetence had caused the calamities should be tried and punished; but the army demanded that the inquisition should be extended to the Ministers whose bad administration made them equally responsible. For a time it seemed as though the Cortes would agree; but

the debates on the subject began to lack precision, and a wave of exasperation spread through the army. It was argued that the incompetent generals would never have held their posts had the army been able to control the system of promotions; and that the demand for an impartial inquiry would be suffocated in the lobbies of the Cortes. General Primo de Rivera has given expression to their anger.

The relations between the army and the population assist in explaining why the *coup d'état* has met with so little opposition. In every hamlet in Spain the older villagers will tell you stories of the miseries which afflicted the country during the period of brigandage that followed the Carlist risings, and, if questioned, will always admit that they owe it to the army that they can now till their fields and carry their produce to the market without molestation or danger. To the mass of the population the army is simply the agent of the only effective reform of which they have any recollection—the suppression of brigandage.

Although General Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* is independent of the Separatist movement in Catalonia, or of the perpetual disturbances in Barcelona, it is by no means unrelated to them. The Catalan movement is very complicated. On the one hand, the high protective tariff of Spain is devised purely in the interests of the Barcelona industrial districts—the only big industrial centre in the country. By virtue of this tariff a group of Catalan magnates have something very like a monopoly of the Spanish markets, and a proportionate interest in maintaining the connection of the province with the Madrid Government. On the other hand, these same Catalan magnates have a traditional dislike for the Castilian, and for the very centralized methods of government which subject them to the capital. They have, therefore, been liberal patrons of the literary movement which has played a large part in promoting Separatist tendencies. The result is that the district is a hatching ground of vehement, though conflicting, sentiments; and the chronic labour troubles have increased the ferment. The monopoly enjoyed by the industrial magnates has rendered them indifferent to all progressive tendencies, and the discontent arising from bad housing, bad workshop conditions, and capricious rates of wages has always been fanned by the swarms of casual labourers who flock to the port from all quarters of the Mediterranean in the spring and autumn. These circumstances have greatly assisted General Primo de Rivera. In the first place, Barcelona is the natural starting-point for any revolutionary movement; in the second, the need of keeping the Separatist movement in check, and of preserving order in Barcelona, has always obliged the Government to keep large forces in the province, with the result that, when he struck his blow, the Captain-General probably had more troops under his command than any other military governor in the country.

It is too early to predict the outcome; but certain points are fairly clear. General Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* will be little felt abroad; it is a domestic matter which has nothing to do with the political problems arising out of the peace treaties of 1919. With regard to the great problem before the country—Catalan independence, the director's policy will probably be in favour of Spanish unity, possibly with some modification in the direction of regional autonomy. He is an Andalusian noble, of a family which at one time was sufficiently powerful to marry with the Dukes of Infantado; and has thus no tie of interest or sympathy with the Separatists. With regard to Morocco, he is not likely to commit himself to a new policy until he has

purged the army administration. Whether he ultimately supports a forward policy or a policy of "cutting the loss" will depend upon his success in this preliminary task. The Spaniards, acting on their secular respect for effective authority, will doubtless judge the *coup d'état* by its consequences.

LABOUR'S THINKERS IN TRAVAIL.

THE lot of the superior young Socialist intellectual is not a happy one, if he happens to possess some brains and an intellectual conscience. The former lead him sooner or later to perceive a certain crudity in the notions which he has been parading as superior wisdom; the latter makes it difficult for him to suppress altogether this unpleasant discovery. But his self-respect forbids him to move towards moderation, for he has been accustomed to express a withering scorn for all moderate opinions. The only alternative is to become more "advanced" than ever, to attribute the palpable defects of existing Socialist programmes to the fact that they are not sufficiently thorough and comprehensive, and to search round for more sweeping and fantastic schemes, so remote from reality that the question of how they will work in a world of actual men and women will not obtrude itself so disturbingly upon the consciousness. He may, indeed, end up in a cynical Conservatism; but he must wander for many years in Cloud-cuckoo-land before this haven is reached.

This state of mind presumably explains the appearance of a singular production in which "seven members of the Labour Party" set out to define "The Labour Party's Aim"—as they would like it to be. For official Labour policy they have nothing good to say—not even for the Capital Levy, which would be "a bad expedient . . . if its adoption would delay the abolition of Capitalism." They "freely admit that the majority of Labour leaders . . . would unhesitatingly declare that the object of a Labour Government is the establishment of a Socialist commonwealth, or, to put it in other words, the abolition of Capitalism"; but they do not conceal a suspicion that they do not mean very much by it. They observe that the party is in practice much more interested in "reformist programmes," in securing "palliatives for the present misery"; and they find this very disconcerting, partly because they have an inherent contempt for palliatives, and partly because they are sufficiently thoughtful to perceive that the "reformist programmes," if pushed very far, would lead to awkward consequences. "Present Labour policy," we are told, "seeks, by taxation and industrial legislation, to make the position of the owners of capital and employers of labour increasingly unhappy, and by collective bargaining and legislation to make the position of the worker decreasingly wretched. In this way it will, if carried far enough, eventually stop the capitalist and employer from performing their only useful functions, namely, the management and initiation of enterprises and the accumulation of new capital, while the workers will become increasingly unwilling to discharge their functions in the existing condition of industry. We thus approach gradually . . . towards a breakdown of the whole industrial system." It is essential accordingly, if "starvation and ruin" are to be averted, that the process should be accompanied by a rapid "development of communal enterprises," so that saving may then be done "communally" and the extinction of the private investor may be regarded with equanimity.

This would seem to point to an extensive system of State Socialism; but our seven authors are far too up-to-date for that. "The old theory of bureaucratic and Parliamentary nationalization has been scrapped . . . because the facts of war nationalization of industry brought us hard up against the failure of such schemes when entirely bureaucratic in character." What form, then, are the "communal enterprises" to take? We are given the following answer: "Some industries may be organized as statutory companies, in which a considerable body of rights and ownership may be transferred to the 'company'; in others a higher degree of communal ownership will be retained, some rights being, however, transferred to groups of workers engaged in these industries; in yet others practically all rights may be retained by the State, these being public services, approaching more nearly to the type of existing 'nationalized' industries." Anything will serve, it seems, unless it has been already tried, and has therefore disappointed visionary hopes (the Co-operative movement, it is worth noting, is not mentioned); even so, the resources of the imagination are so restricted that orthodox nationalization has to be brought in after all with the saving phrase "more nearly"; and, stranger still, private enterprise has to be brought back with the quite unspecified limitations implied in the word "considerable." It is not surprising that the authors should hasten to add that "the exact form of public services to be developed is a matter of method rather than of end, and we are here concerned with fundamentals alone." But this is surely a somewhat cool evasion, when we remember that, unless public services can be developed along these lines throughout every field of industry, the Labour policy "of irritating the capitalist and placating the worker" is to land us in "starvation and ruin."

In regard to the machinery of Government, the seven are no less contemptuous of official Labour and no less barren themselves. "Labour has up to the present accepted too readily the current democratic philosophy." The proposals set out by Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their "Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth" are dismissed as "too conventional." This comes to seem a trifle hard on the Webbs, when we find their critics rejecting their proposal for two co-equal Parliaments on the conventional ground of responsible government, supporting them in their discreet retention of the monarchy, and proposing no more than votes for women at twenty-one, the abolition of the House of Lords, a glorified system of Grand Committees of the House of Commons, and "experiment" with the idea of an occupational franchise.

Here again our seven thinkers are obviously uncomfortable. It is essential to be very advanced; but it is not easy to be so (without becoming conscious that you are talking nonsense) on matters so concrete as political machinery. It is only when they turn to the sphere of international organization, where the ground is uncumbered by existing institutions (apart from the League of Nations, which can be dismissed curtly by a reference to the "incompetent old gentlemen who control it"), and where speculation can proceed unhampered by experience or sanity, that they become really at their ease. In this sphere an advanced programme presents no difficulties. "The practice and theory of State sovereignty" is to be abolished. A United States of Europe is to be set up, with similar aggregations in other continents. Within these large units there are to be "Regional Understandings," not, of course, for any purposes of defence, but for "political co-operation in the work of government." Over them all there is to be a World Council, "which may be called by the old name, a

* "The Labour Party's Aim." By Seven Members of the Labour Party. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

League," and which is to be entrusted, among other functions, with "the international regulation of finance and trade." Thus, foreign investment is to be controlled by a Council of Finance. Shipping, again, "must be organized internationally as a public service." At this point the authors become conscious that they have to meet the difficulty of how to run public enterprises without bringing in the discredited instrument of bureaucracy; but this difficulty, so troublesome in the case of national industry, can be treated lightly in the more remote international sphere. "This does not imply control by Governments. . . . The managers of shipping services will be international officials of an international council representing the peoples of the world. . . . We shall not set up 'controllers' to watch those engaged in a public service, for we expect public servants to be able to organize their own service with due regard to public needs, for the expression of which there will be a special organization." All this, it is to be noted, is not a vision of Utopia, but a picture of the world as they hope to remould it "in twenty years or so."

We have thought it worth while to examine this preposterous publication at some length, because it is symptomatic of the utter incoherence of ideas which underlies the grandiose formulæ of the Labour movement. The notion, which has attained so much vogue in the last few years, that, while Liberalism has no policy to offer, Labour has a clear objective and a comprehensive programme for attaining it, is so remote from the facts that it is astonishing that it should impose on any intelligent man or woman, young or old. Let any young social enthusiast, who has been deluded by it, read this book; let him compare it with the addresses at the Liberal Summer School, where real issues were faced; let him recall that the Labour Party is an attempt to marry the social force of trade unionism, with its sectional preoccupations and limited outlook, to the "ideas" of "intellectuals" of the calibre of these seven authors; and it would be incredible—if it were not for that vanity which makes it such a come-down to move towards the Right—that he could still seriously argue that Liberalism is played out, and that the cause of social progress can be safely entrusted to the Labour Party.

THE LANDSCAPE OF EUROPE.

NEARLY four months have passed since the Cuno Government sent their last offer to the Allies. It superseded a proposal which had been previously made and which had been disregarded, not because the British Government thought it was inadequate or unreasonable, but because M. Poincaré refused to look at it. The new offer was inspired by this country, which, deeply concerned to secure an accommodation, believed that if certain modifications were made, French opposition would be placated. It was under these auspices that the German Government made its last despairing gesture. By general agreement it went to the extreme limits of surrender. There has never been any question that the British Government favoured the acceptance of the proposal and regarded it as a basis of negotiation.

In spite of this fact, the German offer is still unanswered. In the four months that have elapsed since it was received, the German nation has crashed from precipice to precipice. The mark has fallen from hundreds of thousands to the pound to millions and tens of millions and hundreds of millions, until this week it has disappeared from the currencies of the world. The

strangle-hold on the Ruhr has been tightened, and the greatest industrial community in Europe, possibly in the world, has been reduced to a condition of hunger and misery without parallel in the deliberate savageries of civilized society. The Cuno Government which made the offer has fallen, and the Stresemann Ministry that succeeded it cannot long resist the avalanche that is sweeping Germany into the abyss. The faint hope of some economic deal between the iron and steel magnates of the two countries, which, however vicious in itself, might serve to check the plunge into anarchy, has faded, and the world waits for the final catastrophe without any lingering expectation that it can now be averted.

And, meanwhile, the offer inspired by the British Government four months ago still awaits reply. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues, having made a vain demonstration against the strangulation of Germany and having been snubbed for their pains, dispersed to their several holiday haunts, leaving the consummation of the tragedy to the competent hands of its author. Mr. Baldwin has now returned, calling on M. Poincaré by the way; but the visit, we are assured, was a "courtesy" affair only, and the well-drilled Paris Press refers to it as if it were as irrelevant to the aims and intentions of France as the visit of M. Poincaré's maiden aunt would be. In the same way, when Lord Curzon, too, made a "courtesy" call on the President, it was announced in the Press that M. Poincaré could only spare him twenty minutes as he had a train to catch! We have abdicated our authority in the affairs of Europe so long that M. Poincaré has ceased to take us more seriously than Frederick the Great took the diplomatic mission of Voltaire. Frederick insisted on discussing literature when Voltaire wanted to talk high politics; and no doubt M. Poincaré in the few minutes at his disposal chose some similarly harmless theme. He had characteristically anticipated the visit of Mr. Baldwin by the most harsh and bitter of his Sunday speeches, and in the light of that speech and of the contemptuous treatment of the British Government's attempt to draw up a common reply to the German offer, the whole incident of this week, with its amazing communique about "no difference of purpose and no divergence of principle" constitutes the crowning humiliation of British policy. M. Poincaré has found by long experience that we are negligible, and his Press agent in this country floods the Continent with the triumphant assurance that we could not oppose him if we wished, for he has the submarines and the aeroplanes that would promptly bring us to submission. Nor is our impotence without its reactions in Germany. That country made its last desperate bid for existence under our auspices, and, having found our sympathy as worthless a commodity in the face of France as Greece found it in face of Turkey backed by France, it has ceased to look to us for help or even for an answer, and awaits its fate without any illusions in regard to England.

What that fate is, as conceived by France, has never, since the war ended, been in doubt. Our statesmen pretended not to know it, and our newspapers were discreetly mute about it; but to do M. Poincaré justice, he has himself been sufficiently frank on the subject, and when three years ago—he was then, as always, in power, though not in office—I addressed an open letter in the Press to him stating that not Reparations but the political destruction of Germany was his aim, he replied to me in "Le Temps" in terms which practically admitted the accusation. I mention this to show that we are in the presence of a policy which has not been suddenly disclosed, but which has been implicit in French action from the Armistice to the present moment.

It has been successful because it has been pursued with sleepless persistence and because no Government in this country has faced the issue frankly or offered the world an alternative motive.

Now Germany is at its last gasp, and it is difficult to see that anything short of a miracle can prevent its disruption. The political dismemberment of the German system will not end with the Frenchification of the Rhine, but will involve the whole Empire, which, deprived of practically all its mineral resources, will be a machine without power to drive it, and will fall into fragments for lack of a cohesive principle. Over these fragments France will stand with the power of life and death, the undisputed dictator of Europe, armed to the teeth and enriching itself at the expense of a broken and enslaved people. The effect of this dissolution upon the economic structure of Europe and upon our own industrial future is a question that may be left to the expert, but the political consequences require no effort of the imagination to forecast. Reparations, of course, will vanish into space, for there will be no Germany on which to levy them, and France will have other means of exploiting the wealth of the defunct Empire—means which will not involve the necessity of irritating relations with troublesome Allies. That Germany in its present stricken and helpless condition will submit to mutilation is possible. It has been bled so white by the war and its post-war crucifixion that its power of resistance is probably gone. But this is only the beginning of the drama. No nation, least of all a nation with such memories of past greatness as those of Germany, will submit to become for ever the hewer of wood and drawer of water of a tyrant Power. Germanic Europe will be a seething cauldron of unrest from which the motive of recovery and revenge will emerge like a consuming passion, with effects upon the life of the world that are incalculable.

The corollary of the triumph of M. Poincaré in the Ruhr is the humiliation of the League of Nations. The idea of the reorganization of Europe on a peace basis was, of course, incompatible with the designs of France, and to do the French statesmen, from Clemenceau onwards, justice, they have never pretended to regard the League with anything but indifference or amused contempt. They entered into it not because they believed in it or intended to further it, but because its idealism kept the opposition which they feared occupied, while they carried out their own realist aims. Whenever French interests were concerned the League was silenced, and, when the challenge of the Ruhr invasion went by without action or comment, its prestige was gravely weakened, and its subsequent intervention in the case of Corfu was robbed of the force and authority it should have possessed. I am aware that the technical title of the League to act in the case of the Ruhr was questionable, while its title in the case of Corfu was beyond doubt; but it is hardly deniable that the general impression that the League is muzzled or unmuzzled according to the interests of French policy has been strengthened by the contrast. The French have no love for the Italians, and M. Poincaré was naturally distressed to see his own skilful brigandage travestied and caricatured by a clumsy imitator. But even in supporting the intervention of the League in the case of Corfu, M. Poincaré dealt it a subtle blow, and the transfer of executive power to the Ambassadors' Conference, by which the question of the competence of the League was in effect decided in Signor Mussolini's favour, was the first overt expression of his known intention to convert the League into an obedient instrument of the old diplomacy, in which the French can always leave their competitors standing still.

These are the broad outlines of the situation to which French resolution and British impotence have reduced Europe. Germany is down and out, France towers unchallenged over the Continent, the League of Nations is the shadow of a great name. The consideration of the task of British statesmanship in the presence of this challenge to the peace of the world and the economic existence of this country must be deferred to a later article. But one thing must be said. Is it not time that the despairing S.O.S. of June 7th which we invited was acknowledged? Or has the wreck gone so far that words are now vain and we have no course but to remain gibbeted and dumb for history to scoff at?

A. G. G.

THE COMPETENCE OF THE LEAGUE.

GENEVA, September 17th, 1923.

At the meeting of the Council this morning the settlement of the Italian-Greek dispute was announced. Everybody fell on everybody's neck, and when the Greek Delegate, M. Politis, expressed his warm appreciation of the generous and conciliatory attitude of Italy, I could not help thinking of a skit in that brilliant paper the "*Merle Blanc*," which represented Signor Mussolini as demanding that Greece should lick his boots all over, above and below. These solemn insincerities are part of the hocus-pocus of diplomacy, and need not detain us long. But it is worth while to inquire how the League of Nations so far has emerged from the test.

First, it is no discredit to the League, nor contrary to its Covenant or its purpose, that it permitted the settlement to be made by the Conference of Ambassadors. Lord Robert to-day argued this point with much force and cogency. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that, if the League had been stronger or Italy weaker, a very different result would have been reached. When Jugo-Slavia invaded Albania the League at once intervened with the threat of its sanctions. No threat has been offered to Italy, at any rate by the League. On the contrary, she has appeared as the party solely aggrieved, and the Council have taken special pains to avoid any reference to her illegal occupation of Corfu. True, she is going out of Corfu, but that because of pressure brought to bear on her by the Ambassadors. What that pressure was, we are not officially informed. But authority, which I believe to be good, assures me that she was told that, if she did not evacuate, the whole matter would be brought up before the Assembly of the League. If this is true, it shows two things: one, that the League is held in leash by the Great Powers; the other, that these Powers, or some one of them, think it worth while on occasion to play the League as a diplomatic card. Anyhow, Italy is going out, and few people will doubt that she originally intended to stay in. She is also (unless Greece should attempt to evade her obligations) to submit the question of the amount of reparation due to her to the International Court. This represents a pretty complete abandonment of her original intentions and claims. On the other hand, Greece gets less than her due. She gets no compensation for the monstrous outrage of Corfu, and no doubt the reason is that she did not dare to ask for it. It is and remains true that a Great Power can do with impunity what a little Power cannot do, and that it is rather peace than justice that the League at present is able or willing to promote.

So much for the immediate question. There remain, however, outstanding certain questions which

are of more importance to the future than the settlement of the immediate dispute. One of these is Corfu; the other the competency of the League. Both were brought up at to-day's Council by Mr. Branting. But the representatives of no other State came out to support him, whatever they may have thought, and it was impossible to resist the impression that here was a naughty boy who must somehow be hushed up. Lord Robert, however, suggested that the question of Corfu might possibly come before the Court. There seems to be only one way in which this would be likely to occur, namely, if Italy should be unwise enough to ask the Court that Greece should pay her the expenses of the occupation. That she may be so unwise is a thing devoutly to be desired, for there can be little doubt what the answer of the Court would be. But after all, Mussolini perhaps is not quite mad. Apart from this possibility there seems to be no idea of a formal vote of the Assembly to condemn that act of brigandage; so that presumably it will be left to the universal but unformulated condemnation of all men who are not Italians.

The other question of the competence of the League will not be so easily shelved. There is a very strong feeling on the subject among the delegates of the smaller States. On the other hand, those States are very timid, and strong influences, it is said, are being brought to bear upon them to let sleeping dogs lie. Still, there seems to be little doubt that the question will be raised, though no one yet knows in what form. It must be either by a resolution of the Assembly or by a reference to the Court for an opinion, or both. It is difficult to see how Italy could accept the former, or what the effect would be of her being left in a minority of one. On the other hand, it would be difficult for her to resist an appeal to the Court. In any case, this is the crucial point for the League. Either it will assert its competence to deal with any kind of dispute or it will cease to exist as a serious factor in preventing war.

Supposing that the League does affirm its competence, how will it have emerged from the whole issue? Opinions here differ. Lord Robert this morning claimed that the League had done all that could be expected or desired that it should do. Others claim that all that has happened is to be credited to the Ambassadors and the old diplomacy. It is not easy, and perhaps not very important, to decide the question. On the one hand, the terms arranged by the Conference were suggested to it by the League. On the other hand, one of those terms, the association of a Member of the League with the inquiry, was abandoned by the Ambassadors in order to save Italy's face. One thing, however, may be noted which seems to show an increase in the authority of the League. The Treaty of Rapallo between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, which, for eight months, had not been submitted for registration to the League, for the reason, as I am informed, that Italy threatened to treat such submission by Jugo-Slavia as an act of war, has now been submitted; and the risk of war between Jugo-Slavia and Italy has definitely receded into the background.

The dispute between Italy and Greece has so much absorbed attention here that there seems little else to talk about. But it is worth noting that the States which are expending such enormous sums on armaments are engaged in urging economy in the expenses of the only body that might make armaments superfluous. This campaign is led by France, and it seems worth while to note that whereas the expenditure of France on the League is some 3½ million francs, her expenses on her activities in foreign countries, including propaganda,

amount to ten times the amount. Comment, as they say, is superfluous.

One other matter of great importance may be briefly referred to. It is clear that a recent decision of the Reparation Commission, taken by the casting vote of the French Chairman, has relegated Hungary to the fate which was Austria's until the League took up her reconstruction, that is to say to starvation and misery. From that fate nothing can save her except the prompt intervention of the League, which, besides bringing about financial reconstruction, could use its influence even more effectively than it did in the case of Austria to promote better political relations with neighbouring countries.

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE report that the Free State Government intend to inaugurate Ireland's admission to the League of Nations by registering at Geneva the Irish Treaty with Great Britain raises an interesting technical point, behind which lie very serious issues. It emphasizes the anomalies of the arrangement by which the various British Dominions enjoy independent membership in the League. The Irish Treaty is an engagement between two members of the League; but is it thereby "a treaty or international engagement" within the meaning of the Covenant, seeing that Ireland is not a sovereign State? This would be a nice point of international law, even if the issue were a purely formal one. But much more lies behind it. One important part of the Treaty—the appointment of the Boundary Commission to rectify the Ulster frontier—has still to be carried out. And, as Ulster has persistently denounced this provision, and has refused to nominate her representative on the Boundary Commission, the problem of carrying it out is bound to prove exceedingly awkward. The object of the Free State in seeking to register the Treaty is to bring the boundary question within the scope of international issues. But even those who are most anxious to see the League play a more active part in major problems may well hesitate at the idea of confronting it with the Irish question, and the recalcitrancy of Belfast. For Britain the prospect is not an enviable one: for, as Ulster is technically a part of Great Britain, any sins of Ulster would necessarily be visited on us.

APART from this new question of the League's "competence," the incident may serve to remind us that the Irish question is still far from closed. The next few years may well show that it retains its old power of disrupting historic parties and deflecting the whole course of British politics. The Boundary question is the skeleton at the Tory feast. The Diehards have poured out the vials of their wrath upon Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead for their part in negotiating the Irish Treaty. But they have not thereby got rid of the Treaty itself, which remains binding on the Government, and therefore on the present leader of the Conservative Party. A demand from the Free State for the fulfilment of the Boundary clauses could not honourably be refused, but if the Government were in consequence drawn into direct conflict with Sir James Craig, it would almost certainly forfeit the support of a considerable section of its followers. It is not unlikely that the split would affect the Cabinet itself and bring the Government down.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S outburst in the "Daily Chronicle" of September 15th was in his worst vein, and nothing could be more mischievous than that! "What," he asked, "could have been more maladroit and tactless than the handling of this delicate affair (between Italy and Greece) by the Council of the League?" The answer is easy. The prize for tactlessness must go to the eminent statesman, turned journalist, who crabs the efforts of his own countrymen to preserve the peace of Europe in circumstances of appalling difficulty. Mr. Lloyd George declares that the action taken by Lord Robert Cecil at Geneva "has damaged the British name" and "destroyed the authority of the League of Nations."

"Some of us who count ourselves sincere friends of the League," he writes, "have always urged a gradual and cautious procedure with the League. We felt certain that any attempt to refer to it in the days of its infancy highly controversial questions, on which great nations felt acutely, for decision would only break its back."

And only a few months ago Mr. Lloyd George was attacking Lord Robert in the House of Commons for opposing the reference of the Ruhr issue to the League!

THE United States remains much more interested in the coming Presidential campaign than in Europe or the League or any of its works. It now seems more than an even chance that President Coolidge will be the Republican candidate after all, and that, in this event, he has a reasonable prospect of re-election. At any rate, there has been no denial so far that he will be a candidate for nomination next year; and American observers note that politically he has made a surprisingly good impression in the last few weeks—not because he has said, much less done, anything striking, but rather because of an unexpected ease in adjusting himself to his new position without departing from his usual self-restraint and reticence. The new President is said to be personally friendly to the League; his attitude on the World Court is still unsettled. But there is not the least sign of any change from the Harding foreign policy, nor likely to be, so long as he remains a potential candidate for next June.

A. G. G. is not the first eminent journalist to complain of "the incendiarism of the mob Press." When Liverpool and Castlereagh were trying to come to an agreed peace with Napoleon, Hazlitt was constrained to write as follows, in 1813:—

"The events which have lately taken place on the Continent and the moderate and manly tone in which those events have been received by Ministers have excited the utmost degree of uneasiness and alarm in the minds of certain persons who redouble the eagerness of their cries for war. The cold-blooded fury and mercenary malice of these panders to mischief can only be appeased by the prospect of approaching desolation. . . . If the French are a nation of men . . . if anything can kindle in their minds . . . the flame of sacred vehemence and move the very stones to mutiny, it is the letting loose upon them the Mohawks of Europe, the Cossacks with General Blucher's manifesto in their hands. It is restoring to Bonaparte the very weapon which we had wrested from him—the mighty plea of the independence of nations. It is reclothing his power with those adamant scales 'which fear no discipline of human hands,' the hearts and wills of a whole people, threatened with the emasculation of their moral and physical powers by half a dozen libellers of the human species and a horde of barbarians scarcely human."

After quoting from an article in the "Courier" he continues:—

"To produce such a passage at such a moment required that union of impudence and folly which has no parallel elsewhere. From the quarter from which it comes it could not surprise us: it is consistent; it is in keeping: it is of a piece with the rest. It is worthy of

these harpies of the Press, whose business is to scare away the approach of peace by their obscene and dissonant noises, and to tear asunder the olive-branch, whenever it is held out to us, with their well-practised beaks: who fill their hearts with malice and their mouths with falsehood; who strive to soothe the dastard passions of their employers by inflaming those of the multitude; creatures that would sell the lives of millions for a nod of greatness, and make their country a by-word in history to please some punk of quality."

THE 214th anniversary of the birth of Samuel Johnson was celebrated at Lichfield on Saturday last. Perhaps one of the best testimonies to the genuineness of the Johnsonian cult is the fact that among its high priests are men who are not primarily, or professionally, men of letters. Sir Chartres Biron, the retiring President of the Johnson Society, laid stress on this point in introducing his successor, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth. Mr. Harmsworth, the rescuer of the Gough Square house from dilapidation and ruin, has shown himself to be a Johnsonian of the most practical kind, and the Lichfield society did well in honouring him. His presidential address wisely eschewed any search after novelty of interpretation, but showed a delicate appreciation of the Johnsonian ethos, especially on its spiritual side; and it was pleasant to note that two ladies from Gough Square (who surely merit the title of *Johnsonianissimæ*) were among the audience. At the supper in the Guildhall the toast of the immortal memory was given by the President, with the exhortation "Who's for *poonsh*?" and various speakers (Lord Charnwood, Sir Chartres Biron, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. Ralph Straus, Mr. S. C. Roberts, and others) said their Johnsonian say and struggled manfully with their churchwarden pipes.

So great has been the success of the courageous revival of Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" at the Everyman Theatre, that it has now been transferred to the Kingsway, where it received a triumphant reception on Monday. It is one of the most amusing and interesting plays written in England of recent years, which should never have had to wait twelve years to be revived. The present production goes with a swing and the acting is very good. Such rising artists as Mr. Brember Wills, Mr. Farren, and Mr. Scott did all their admirers expect of them. But the surprise of the evening was the Morris Carleon of Mr. Bird. Carleon is perhaps the most difficult part in the play, and gave Mr. Bird the best opportunity he has had of proving what a remarkably good actor he is. He was magnificent in the mad scene. "Magic" is preceded by Mr. Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," one of the most delightful *jeux d'esprit* ever dropped from the idle brain of a genius. It is a very good play and very good Shakespearian criticism. Miss Haidée Wright, who specializes in different aspects of the Virgin Queen, was sublime as Elizabeth, and Mr. Harcourt Williams will be an adequate Shakespeare when he learns his part. The play is a tract in favour of a National Theatre financed by the taxpayer. But this need not spoil our pleasure, as there is no chance, as the Queen points out, of such a grotesque notion being put into practice.

THERE has been a very acute problem in Detroit. It seems that a scrub-woman (whom we should call, in our old-fashioned way, a "char-lady") came to her daily work at the municipal offices in her own motor-car. When the fact became known there was a hubbub. That, perhaps, is a little surprising in a city with a world-wide reputation as the home of the motor-car. It was argued that a scrub-woman who had an "automobile"

was a contradiction in terms. So the Commissioner set to work to think out the problem, and he decided that no matter how skilful or energetic or zealous this "scrub-woman" might be, and no matter how ready she was to work for the appointed wages, she must be discharged—and she was discharged! These positions, he said, must be given to the needy. There has been a little protest. Some have ventured to say that as she was a thrifty woman she had a right to buy a car, and that as she had a right to buy a car, she had a right to ride in it. This argument did not move the Common Council of Detroit, for they decided that jobs of this kind exist for the purpose of being given away to friends who are in need. So the scrub-woman with the automobile no longer appears at the municipal offices, and we get a new definition of public service.

A FRIEND sends the following "Lines of Encouragement addressed to a Gentleman about to sit down to compose his Memoirs":—

Lives of "small" men all remind us
We should write our "Lives" ourselves,
And, departing, leave behind us
Two octavos on the shelves.

T. S. ELIOT

By CLIVE BELL.

To be amongst the first to think, say, or do anything, is one of the silliest and most harmless of human ambitions: I was one of the first in England to sing the praises of Eliot. I shall not forget going down to a country house for the Easter of 1916—or was it '17?—with "Prufrock" in my pocket, and hearing it read aloud to a circle of guests with whose names I am too modest to bribe your good opinion. Only this I will say, no poet could ask for a better send off. "The Love Song of T. Alfred Prufrock" was read aloud two or three times and discussed at intervals; it was generally admired or, at any rate, allowed to be better than anything of the sort that had been published for some time: and it pleases me to remember that its two most ardent admirers were a distinguished mathematician (not Bertrand Russell) and an exquisite lady of fashion.

To me "Prufrock" seemed a minor masterpiece which raised immense and permissible hopes: my opinion has not changed, but my hopes have dwindled slightly. For, as yet, Eliot has written nothing better than "Prufrock," which seems less surprising when we discover that, in a sense, he has written nothing else;—for the last seven years, I mean, he has been more or less repeating himself. He has lost none of the qualities which made me then describe him as "about the best of our younger poets"; his intelligence and wit are as sharp as ever, and his phrasing is still superior to that of any of his contemporaries: but he has not improved.

Eliot, it seems to me, has written nothing wittier, more brilliantly evocative of a subtle impression, than "Mr. Apollinax"; and that, I believe, he wrote before he came to England. It is proper to add that if in this style he has not improved upon himself, neither has anyone, in the interval, improved upon him. As for phrasing—a term which in his case I prefer to "diction" (musicians will understand why)—it is his great accomplishment; and if you will open "Prufrock" at the very first page you will come on the following passage:—

THERE is now good reason to hope that Avebury, as well as Holmbury Hill, will be saved from the spoilers. At the annual meeting of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society, Sir Charles Oman announced, in his presidential address, that he had received a letter from the Postmaster-General, stating that the proposal to erect a wireless station at Avebury would probably be dropped altogether; and it is understood that the departments concerned are now seeking an alternative site. This second victory of public opinion gives grounds for hope with respect to the fate of Lulworth Cove, which is still in dispute; but the anxiety aroused by the original demands of the Admiralty, Post Office, and War Office will not be wholly stilled by their withdrawal. The fate of such proposals is always to some extent a matter of chance, and it has become abundantly clear that what is really needed is some more comprehensive scheme of permanent protection, both for historical monuments and for natural beauty-spots, against departmental or commercial vandalism. The passing of such a measure might have no party value, but would be a real service to the nation. Will not Mr. Baldwin, who is both a scholar and a lover of the countryside, take it in hand?

OMICRON.

"Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . ."

than which, in my opinion, he has done nothing better. Before contradicting me let the reader count at least ten, and give his memory a jog. In Mr. Eliot's later poems he will find, to be sure, better phrases than any of these; but is he sure they are by Mr. Eliot? The poet has a disconcerting habit of omitting inverted commas. "Defunctive music," for instance, is from Shakespeare; and not only the Elizabethans are laid under contribution. The other day a rather intemperate admirer quoted at me the line,

"The army of unalterable law,"
and declared that no modern could match it. You know it is by Meredith.

If you will read carefully Eliot's three longer poems—"Prufrock," "Gerontion," and "The Waste Land"—I think you will see what I mean—even if you do not agree with me—in saying that he has been more or less repeating himself. And here we come on Eliot's essential defect. He lacks imagination; Dryden would have said "invention," and so will I if you think it would sweeten my discourse. Eliot belongs to that anything but contemptible class of artists whose mills are perfect engines in perpetual want of grist. He cannot write in the great manner out of the heart of his subject; his verse cannot gush as a stream from the rock: birdlike he must pile up wisps and straws of recollection round the tenuous twig of a central idea. And for these wisps and straws he must go generally to books. His invention, it would seem, cannot be eked out with experience, because his experience, too, is limited. His is not a receptive nature to experience greatly. Delicate and sensitive admirers have found, I know, the key to a lifelong internal tragedy in those lines with their choice Elizabethan tang:—

* "The Waste Land." By T. S. Eliot. With Notes by the Author, (Hogarth Press. 4s. 6d.)

"I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I want to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?"

But for my part, I cannot believe they are wrung from the heart of tragic experience. The despairing tone which pervades Eliot's poetry is not, it seems to me, so much the despair of disillusionment as the morbidity of "The Yellow Book."

But how the man can write! And the experience, if it be small, is perfectly digested and assimilated; it has gone into the blood and bones of his work. Admit that the butter is spread unconsciously thin; at least the poet may claim, with the mad hatter, that it was the best butter. By his choice of words, by his forging of phrases, by his twisting, stretching, and snapping of rhythms—manipulations possible only to an artist with an exact ear—Eliot can make out of his narrow vision and meagre reaction things of perpetual beauty.

"At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at tea-time, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins."

(Mark the transition—the technical one I mean—the stress and scarcely adumbrated stress—"Homeward," and brings the sailor *home* from sea, the typist *home* at tea-time," so as to run on in a breath "clears her breakfast.") A less dexterous artist would have had to break the flow with a full stop to show that he had changed the subject.) The line,

"Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays," is a piece of obvious comic-weekly humour, unworthy of so fastidious a writer. But try a line or two lower down:

"He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house-agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire."

In its own modern way it is as neat as Pope, and one can almost see Mr. Arnold Bennett going to the races. I should be surprised if Eliot were ever to write a great poem; but he might easily write three or four which would take their places amongst the most perfect in our language.

Eliot reminds me of Landor: I believe he will not disdain the comparison. Landor wrote half-a-dozen of the most perfect poems in English, and reams of impeccable dullness. Like Eliot he had very little imagination or invention; a narrow vision and, as a rule, tepid reactions; unlike Eliot he was incontinent. Spiritually, he looked out of the window of a suburban villa on the furniture of a suburban garden: the classical statue he set up in the middle of the grass plot was more often than not a cast. No, it was something more spacious than a villa garden; but it bore a horrid likeness to a public park. Yet, on the rare occasions when Landor could apprehend the hum-drum world he inhabited with something like passion, his art enabled him to create a masterpiece. There is not much more feeling or understanding of feeling in "The Maid's Lament" than may be found in a prize copy of elegiacs by an accomplished sixth-form boy; most of the sentiments have grown smooth in circulation, and the images ("the shades of death," "this lorn bosom burns," "tears that had melted his soft heart," "more cold than daisies in the mould") have been the small change of minor poetry these three hundred years: yet "The Maid's Lament" justly takes its place in "The Oxford Book of Verse."

Eliot is said to be obscure; and certainly "The Waste Land" does not make easy reading. This I deplore, holding, with the best of English critics, that "wit is most to be admired when a great thought comes dressed in words so commonly received that it is under-

stood by the meanest apprehensions." Only let us not forget that "Prufrock," which at first seemed almost unintelligible, now seems almost plain sailing, and that "Sweeney Erect," which was described as "gibberish," turns out to be a simple and touching story; so when we cudgel our brains over his latest work let us hesitate to suppose that we cudgel in vain. It was decided, remember, that Gray's odes were quite incomprehensible; so were "In Memoriam" and "The Egoist"; and the instrumentalists—those practical experts—assured the conductor that no orchestra ever would play Beethoven's symphonies, for the very simple reason that they were unplayable. I respect the man who admits that he finds Eliot's poetry stiff; him who from its obscurity argues insincerity and mystification I take for an ass.

Turn to Eliot's criticism ("The Sacred Wood") if you want proof of his sincerity, and of one or two more qualities of his. Here he gives you some of the most interesting criticism and quite the silliest conclusions going. Here is a highly conscious artist, blessed with an unusually capable intellect and abnormal honesty, whose analysis of poetical methods is, therefore, bound to be masterly; who is never flabby, and who never uses well-sounding and little-meaning phrases to describe a quality in a work of art or a state of his own mind. Eliot is an exceptional critic. Unluckily, he is a cubist. Like the cubists, he is intent upon certain important and neglected qualities in art; these he detects unerringly, and he has no eyes for any others. His vision, you remember, was said to be narrow. He has an *a priori* theory, which is no sillier than any other *a priori* theory, and he applies it unmercifully. It leads him into telling us that "Coriolanus" is better than "Hamlet" and "The Faithful Shepherdess" than "Lycidas"—it leads him into absurdity. His conclusions are worthless; the argument and analysis by which he arrives at them are extraordinarily valuable. As in his poetry, in criticism his powerful but uncaptious mind can grasp but one thing at a time; that he grasps firmly. He disentangles with the utmost skill an important, hardly come at, and too often neglected quality in poetry; and if it were the only quality in poetry he would be almost the pontiff his disciples take him for. Not quite—for no æsthetic theory can explain his indiscreet boasting of the insignificant Miss Sinclair and the lamentable Ezra Pound. These predilections can be explained only by a less intelligent, though still perfectly honourable, misconception.

MAN, MELODION, SNOWFLAKES.

A FAIRY-TALE FOR CHILDREN BORN SINCE
ANNO DOMINI 1918.

LINEN dries on the hedgerow, white linen white as snow. I stand among the still, the listening trees, my eyes wide as the white clematis. This garden is a green well, ragged with the drooping stillness. Slowly the weights of my body lift and leave me: the weight of my legs is in the trunks of trees, and of my arms in the branches of trees; the weight of my entrails flows on the lawn, and the shell of my body is among the crinkled leaves. My thinking self, airy and weightless, fills the old green well of trees. Overflows into the space beyond.

In the same sector of time a thousand and a thousand and many a thousand bodies were dissolving in the salt wetness of earth. They had all been killed, warring against one another; and within the boundaries of time all their woes will be untold.

Some of these poor souls, still alive, were marching through a village, at winter-time, towards dusk. Breath

issued from their nostrils in angry plumes; while the soil exhaled wreaths of blue mushroom mist that coveted the hollows of the fields and the edge of woods. The men moved in the moist, steamy smell of wet worsted, as once the child Jesus lay in the warm breath of a cow and an ass.

But that is only my way of beginning. Now listen to the real tale. A battalion of soldiers was marching through a village. It was winter-time, towards dusk, and somewhere outside the village the head of the column halted. The colonel had calculated that by the time the battalion had contracted to its proper length they would be clear of all the houses. He could then send a messenger back to fetch cigarettes and chewing-gum. But when the column had given its last spasmodic jerk the tail was still in the village. So it came about that some men halted in the shelter of the narrow street, with the yellow lights beginning to shine from windows.

Men shuffled their packs off and fell out on the side of the road. They peered into the warm interiors and saw—perhaps a woman bent over the ironing-board, beneath the drying sage, perhaps an old man winding up the clock.

But one man had stayed in isolation on the road. He was tall, with a small and round red face, protruding white eyes, and a pinched little snout. He was carrying a melodion about with him.

A cloud was gathering in the sky ahead. The cold, frosty air thickened with fog as the evening fell.

The man with the melodion listened with an ear to his instrument. He was playing very softly, with an occasional burst of louder notes.

A group of women and children had gathered round the resting men. They watched the man with the melodion. Suddenly the music broke into loud wailing. The man had long legs, and danced like an elf, pointing his toes at the trees and the stars and the stones and the glistening pools on the road.

The women talked among themselves. Some giggled, some tittered. "Well, I never!" they said again and again.

"To think they can be so gay and feckless, and death round the corner, so to say," said an old dame with a shawl round her white head.

The other men sat on the pavement, their backs against the house-walls. They were used to the antics of the man, and only smiled. "Oh, he's a one, he is," they explained to the women.

The cloud ahead grew darker. The colonel looked up anxiously. Better be getting on, he thought.

The men at the head of the column suddenly sprang up and began to saddle on their packs. The movement spread down the road, reached the melodion, which gave a wild cry and died away.

"They're off," said the women.

The men in front were moving already. The rest scrambled up and lurched in their track.

The man with the melodion was left a few paces behind. He pulled himself together, and with his hands in the straps of his instrument stole forward with long, elastic steps. Quietly, gaily, to himself, he played a tune.

The cloud stretched forward across the column. A wreath of it seemed to swing across the sky. Then snowflakes began to fall into the mist and into the golden window-lights which shot across the street.

The women watched the battalion making its way along the road, lurching and swaying like a melodion.

They shuddered, and cried at the falling snowflakes. "Come in," they cried, "before you get your deaths of cold."

HERBERT READ.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LOWES DICKINSON AND LABOUR.

SIR,—

"Almost no voice has been raised in Italy on the side of Right. . . . It looks as if the workers, like the rest of the population, have been swept away by the animal passion called nationalism. If that is so, the prospect is dark indeed. For what has happened in Italy to-day may happen to-morrow in England or in France. If the mass of the people has not the insight, the honesty, and the courage to stand up against these fevers, there is little hope for the world. . . . If a similar thing happened in England, or in France, or in America, could Labour in those countries be trusted to behave better than it appears to be behaving in Italy? The question is easy to ask and difficult to answer. But upon the answer given to it, not in words but in deeds, the future of mankind is likely to depend."—G. LOWES DICKINSON (*THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM*, September 15th).

Does Mr. Lowes Dickinson really, on reflection, find his question so easy to ask? He, an educated man, an educator of men, a leading member of the most powerful caste in England and, therefore, probably in the world, the English educated class, turns to the uneducated, the helpless and the ignorant classes everywhere, and looks to them, to them only, to "save mankind."

The awful, staggering insolence of it! Because a man is worked like an animal, housed worse than an animal, is ill-clad and ill-fed, denied access to all beauty, all philosophy, all that refines life and trains character; lives in daily, hourly dread of discharge, unemployment, and hunger; dares not even think of the future for himself, his children, and his dependants—simply because he is all this, a proletarian, a slave without the security of a slave, he is to be dignified with the collective title of Labour and upon him is to be placed the world's ultimate Hope. The wonder is that he has not more of the mentality of the beaten, harassed, hunted animal than in fact he has. The wonder is that so often he is in fact able to withstand "the animal passion called nationalism," or any of the similar mass passions.

Superficially there might seem to be something noble in Mr. Lowes Dickinson's gesture of abdication on behalf of himself, his caste, and his class. Essentially it contains a sort of "pathetic fallacy" applied to politics, a fallacy as dangerous as it is unsympathetic, unfair, and "uppish."—Yours, &c.,

AN ADMIRER OF MR. LOWES DICKINSON.

Paris.

THE PRESS AND THE STATE.

SIR,—One may assume that all honest and intelligent people, irrespective of party, will agree as to the danger to the community of the enormous power of the syndicated Press when it is unscrupulously used for the purpose of misleading the public. The evil is one that has already been sufficiently denounced. Could not "A. G. G.," with all his experience in this field, suggest something as a concrete remedy? And in the meantime might I venture to put forward one or two of my own?

In the first place, would it not be well if the traditional attitude of Olympian aloofness were abandoned, and newspapers regarded the doings of their contemporaries as events of sufficient importance to be taken note of occasionally? On the staff of each of our leading papers should be some competent person who should make it his business to watch for and expose anything in the nature of a deliberate attempt to mislead the public, either by the presentation of half-truths, the suppression of relevant truths when a stunt campaign is being organized, or the omission to correct "news" which was subsequently proved to be untrue. Such comment or refutation should, of course, always be accompanied by specific quotation of the passage, or an adequate summary of it, with the name and date of the paper in which it appeared; and wherever possible, definite reference should be made to some impartial authority in order to substantiate what was said. Is it permissible to suggest that the "Daily News," for instance, with the great tradition that it has inherited as an exponent of Liberalism, by undertaking work of this kind might be serving its readers better than by using up large portions of its pages with sporting cartoons

and "humorous" serial pictures of so crude a quality that one might charitably suppose that even the readers of the megaphone Press, for whom this feature was first imported into English journalism, would scarcely submit daily to such an insult to their intelligence?

Another suggestion that I hope the Labour Party, at any rate, when it gets into office, will consider, is the creation of some public functionary to undertake work of this kind as essential to the education and safeguarding of the public. To take an analogy, I understand that three public departments are charged with the task of preventing the ordinary British public from getting access to literature which is considered bad for its morals, or "indecent" pictures, as, for example, any photograph of the unclad human form, unless it is camouflaged as "Art." Surely a much greater danger to the community, since it is one that may affect its very existence as a self-governing democracy, arises when powerful interests are allowed systematically to mislead and misinform it. Where specific acts of this kind can be proved, I would suggest that there should exist legal powers for the purpose of dealing with it; and that armed with such powers a public official might, as an alternative to proceedings in the courts, require the offending paper to print the necessary corrections, sufficiently documented, in the next issue, on a prominent page, under pain of suspension. These suggestions may fall short of the mark or may be unworkable, but I think something more is required than moral indignation or pointing out the evil to people who are already well aware of its existence.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. BOOTH.

18, Munster Road, Teddington, Middlesex.
September 19th, 1923.

ROTA COMMITTEES AND WOMEN WORKERS.

SIR,—In the article in your issue of September 15th on "Women Workers and the Trade Depression," you state that women are being treated unfairly in the granting of uncovenanted benefit; that everything is done to load the scales against them; that it has been taken for granted, often quite unwarrantably, that they are not wholly self-dependent; and that the domestic service test has been worked far too hard.

These statements appear to me to do far less than justice to the Rota Committees, who review all the claims for uncovenanted benefit, and upon whose recommendations the Minister generally acts—at any rate, to those with which I am acquainted.

These Committees, as you are no doubt aware, are composed of members of the Local Employment Committees (non-official bodies, consisting of workers' and employers' representatives), before whom every claimant for uncovenanted benefit comes for interview.

I have for some time been a workers' representative on two Committees, one connected with an Exchange in the heart of the West End (where the demand for domestic servants is very great), and one in the South-East of London, where we have immense numbers of women applicants for uncovenanted benefit.

I cannot feel that the Committees, either those on which I have sat, or those to whose proceedings I have listened, are guilty of the charges which you bring against them. We review every case on its own merits, going very carefully into the question of dependence—not assuming it in the least—as no one could, when looking into the toil-worn faces which so often confront us.

Our attitude, I think, is generally this: If any woman has been employed in any occupation in which there is any prospect of her finding employment again when trade revives, she should, in a case of proved hardship, receive uncovenanted benefit to tide her over the bad times, so that the skill which she has acquired may not be lost, to herself and to the community, by forcing her into a totally different or an unsuitable employment.

But there is a different kind of women, who come before our Committees in considerable numbers, and constitute our greatest problem. These are the young girls whose knowledge of any trade is almost negligible. Many of them describe themselves as "clerks," but their clerking has been of the most elementary nature. They acquired a scarcity

value during the war, or—for some of them are very young—during the boom following the war. They have no knowledge of shorthand or typing, and no desire and apparently no aptitude to acquire it; and if they did, they would only have to range themselves in fierce competition for the few jobs available in this already terribly overcrowded industry.

What is to become of them? They drift along helplessly, aimlessly, without any idea. Many of them have done practically no work for a year or more, and, according to their own account, have no domestic responsibilities, undertake no duties at home.

If, in some of these cases, one consented, as the workers' representative, to the application of the domestic service test, it was in the conviction that, except in the "happy event" of another war, these girls would not again find employment as clerks, or indeed in any other trade, and that their present mode of life is leading one knows not where.

I am only claiming that we try to administer the regulations as humanely as possible, that the decision is not always as easy as it may seem. And, of course, I only have experience of two areas.—Yours, &c.,

L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

Chelsea, S.W. 3.

September 17th, 1923.

CONDITIONS IN THE RUHR.

SIR,—I have read with interest the articles relating to the Ruhr which have appeared from time to time in your valuable paper.

I have just returned from Germany and would like to add my personal experience, for I have recently, on three occasions, passed through the occupied territory.

Great industrial centres, such as our Newcastle and Birmingham, where at one time thousands of busy workers produced important merchandise, now lie idle. A truly desolate scene presents itself; grass and weeds cover most of the railway tracks, while thousands of trucks and railway wagons, many of them loaded up with hay and timber, which I am informed have been purchased many months ago by money from Britain and other countries—all this, for many months past, has been lying in open trucks exposed to all weathers, and is deteriorating fast. It will soon be useless, and a dead loss to those who had been foolish enough to imagine that the war was over and that international trade might be resumed.

Unfortunate as the waste of produce may be, one cannot compare its loss to the discomfort which is inflicted on the wretched Ruhr folk. At any of these industrial towns the first sight which meets the eye, and recalls to one's memory the worst days of the war, is the food queue. Hungry but patient housewives are waiting their turn to buy, maybe, a few ounces of butter substitute, or a small loaf of black bread. They have been standing there for many hours, and who knows if even now their modest requirements will be satisfied? For while they are waiting, what little food there is available may have risen 500 per cent. during the day.

There must be a limit to endurance; underfed, nervous, and easily preyed upon by the wildest rumours, utterly uncertain as to what may be their lot on the morrow, the wretched Ruhr folk are herded from place to place like cattle and imprisoned under the slightest pretext. How long can the present state of affairs continue? That is the question.

At times it would seem that it was too late to bring about a saner order of things. There is a surging undercurrent of hidden forces for evil and disorder which are threatening to overwhelm all alike.

It is as well to realize that no longer is it possible for any one country to exist in splendid isolation. Improved means of transportation and communication have made our national boundaries as obsolete as the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy. Europe must come to be regarded as a whole. If one member in the body of Europe suffer, all the members suffer. It is, therefore, essential to give immediate relief to the seat of the most dangerous malady and remove this cancer in the body of Europe.

In Germany to-day there is a universal desire for peace. Her people, sadly expectant, look to Great Britain as a physician to heal her wounds. Is it too late, even now, to bring together all those who are at variance with each other? Unless the remedy is found, and immediately applied, a wave

of destruction may gather and break with such force as will shatter what remains of the already tottering walls of civilization.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD E. ST. BARBE BAKER.

Westend, nr. Southampton.

September 19th, 1923.

VACCINATION.

SIR,—The article of September 8th, by Dr. A. R. Elliott, on the scientific theory of vaccination raises so clear an issue that I am tempted to engage once more in a controversy which I have not touched for many years. He begins very properly with a definition: "Vaccination may be defined as the inoculation of man with cowpox in order to protect him against an allied disease, namely, smallpox." Exception might be taken to "allied disease"; for no one who has seen the flat, brown crust on a cow's teat, and the accidental sore on a milker's finger, and is at the same time familiar with the eruption of smallpox and with the epidemiological history of that disease, will see any likeness between them except in name. But whether like or unlike, cowpox was used by Dr. Jenner to inoculate the arm with, instead of the smallpox matter which had been in use for that purpose in this country since 1722; and it was because he had found a substitute for the old variolous inoculation that he was rewarded twice by a vote of the House of Commons—in 1802 with £10,000 and in 1807 with £20,000. The two kinds of inoculation, which differed little if at all in the technique, continued to be in sharp rivalry for a good many years, until at length, in 1840, by the efforts of Dr. Jenner's executor, Dr. Baron of Gloucester, cowpox was taken up by the State and offered gratuitously, while by the same Act the use of smallpox matter was prohibited under a penalty of a month's imprisonment. There had been Vaccination Bills in Parliament before that—in 1810, 1813, and 1814—at least one of which was directed also against the old inoculation; but they were successfully opposed, chiefly by the Lords. The encouragement of Dr. Jenner's cowpox, and the enforcement of it after 1853, has always been accompanied by the discouragement or prohibition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's smallpox inoculation, the penal clause against it in the first Vaccination Act having been carried forward as Section 32 of the Act of 1867, which is known as the Foundation Act.

The last important Act was that of 1898, following a very protracted Royal Commission. I shall be met by incredulity when I say that the grand effect of that Act has been the abandonment of cowpox altogether, and the reintroduction of the old inoculation under the form of "lymph" cultivated on the shaven bellies of calves and much diluted with glycerine. It was not to be expected that the Medical Department would avow any such charge, seeing that the whole history of vaccination in Parliament would have been stultified by it. I attended, as one of the public, all the six sittings of the Grand Committee on the Bill of 1898, of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Chairman; and although I was fairly well informed on all points touching cowpox and the old inoculation, it never occurred to me, listening to the debates, that any radical change was intended. The Minister in charge of the Bill was Mr. Chaplin (as he then was); and I should be surprised if he had any inkling of the real object of the permanent officials—"my experts," as he used to call them. Under cover of a radical change in the machinery of the law, a subtle change was introduced in the very principle of it. The old practice of having infants brought to vaccination stations on certain days, and brought back a week after for lymph to be taken from the vesicles on their arms—what is called arm-to-arm vaccination—was given up, there being many objections to it. Under the new method the public vaccinators were supplied through the post with tubes containing so-called calf-lymph, many thousands of which were sent out every week from a central laboratory in Holborn, afterwards removed to a new building at Hendon. Cowpox could not be reproduced in quantity in that way; its use necessarily ceased when arm-to-arm vaccination was given up. Soon after the Act of 1898, there was published Sir R. Thorne Thorne's account of his tour through the calf-lymph laboratories of Germany, which was undertaken in preparation for his new Bill, from which it appears that glycerinated calf-lymph

was produced by the use of smallpox matter; and the fact was admitted by the next Principal Medical Officer when questioned on the point at the Royal Commission on Vivisection. I think one may venture to say that cowpox is hardly used anywhere now. Certainly in this country there is not even a formal trace left of it in the Government calf-lymph.

Some years before the change was made by the Act of 1898, I had been told of a curious conversation about Dr. Jenner, which had been overheard by a stroller in Kensington Gardens, on the Bayswater side, near the colossal statue of the discoverer. One little girl asked another, pointing to the statue with the single word "Jenner" on the pedestal, "Who's that?" The reply was, "Don't you know? That's the man who was swallowed by the whale" (Jonah). The little girl was wiser than she knew; for poor old Dr. Jenner has indeed been thrown overboard.

I see that one of your weekly contemporaries has been suggesting a new Royal Commission. For my own part, I have often thought that what we really need is an argument by able counsel before the Lord Chief Justice and a jury on the question whether the Minister of Health, in distributing glycerinated calf-lymph, is not incurring the penalty for using smallpox matter.—Yours, &c.,

C. CREIGHTON, M.D.,

Author of "A History of Epidemics in Britain."

Upper Boddington, Northants.

TAXATION OF MOTOR VEHICLES.

SIR,—Surely it is high time that the taxation of motor vehicles making use of the roads should be put on a more equitable basis. At present a light but high-powered car, doing little or no damage to the roads, is charged as much as or more than a heavy motor-lorry which cuts the road to pieces.

The public do not realize that motor taxation should not be regarded as a tax, but as payment for the cost of a necessary service, i.e., for the upkeep and repair of the roads. Each type of vehicle should therefore have to pay in proportion to the damage which it does, and to secure this, taxation should be based on weight instead of on horse-power. If this had the effect of diverting the very heavy steam-lorry traffic from the roads on to the railways it would be a desirable result.—Yours, &c.,

A. A. COTTAM.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SIR,—May I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned.—Yours, &c.,

GRACE GUINEY,
Literary Executor.

10, Holywell, Oxford.

POETRY

THE FLIGHT.

"Oh, lovelier than the queens of Lombardy,"
The dark-eyed gipsy breathed, "there is not one
Of all your burning flowers, nor rose nor star,
That through the hot-leaved dusk upon your lawn
Drops its faint, virgin light. Yet lovelier far,
Yea, than those moon-browed queens," the tempter
breathed,

"When summer's dark no softer than their lips
Stoops to parched earth, so lovely should you be,
Would you but come, but come. The gate's ajar."

Hardly she felt her move. His dark eyes shone,
Probing like ravenous bees her young heart's heart,
"Oh, lovelier than those queens, those queens. And are
Those queens so lovely then?"

The night wind stirred.

"Come back," the garden wept. But no one heard.

H. H. BASHFORD.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

RUSKIN.

MR. A. C. BENSON has published "Selections from Ruskin" (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.), which, he tells us, is designed "to illustrate the development of his (Ruskin's) personality and literary style rather than his critical methods, or his economic principles, or his social theories." The growing habit of selecting and anthologizing is one result of universal literacy and the infinite multiplication of readers. Publishers and editors appear to assume that there is a new public which must be fed on snippets and tabloids, whose wandering attention cannot be caught and held to the same subject for more than two pages, and for whom the epic must be reduced to the compass of a sonnet, the three-volume novel compressed to a short story, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" pruned and lopped into the likeness of a newspaper article. I have always thought that it was better that Gibbon and the other great makers of many-volumed books should be read in tabloids than that they should not be read at all, but after studying Mr. Benson's selection from Ruskin I have some doubts on the subject. It so happened that in this book I could give the snippet system a fair trial. It is many years since I read a book of Ruskin's. I had a vague memory of purple passages and a tremendous cascade of words, but I had forgotten both their sound and their sense. And I have deliberately—and with some difficulty—refrained from opening any of Ruskin's works during the last week in order that I might read these selections with the virgin mind of the great public of snippet takers, and with them unlaboriously learn the development of Ruskin's personality and literary style.

* * *

I HAVE proved a bad pupil to Mr. Benson. When I had read his introduction and the first eighteen selections, which only occupy fifty pages, instead of beginning to see Ruskin's personality and literary style develop, I began to be troubled by a strange, melancholy vision of a writer called John Ruskin who was born four years after the battle of Waterloo, and who died during my first year at Cambridge. I seemed to see him in the form of a great moth (the great brown wings, in some curious way, reminiscent of the dark Victorian frock-coat) whom the Master of Magdalene College had taken prematurely from the killing-bottle and was daintily pinning to the setting board. Again and again the drab wings fluttered and were still, fluttered and were still, fluttered and were still. (The last two weeks have been high summer in Sussex, and the evenings, therefore, bitterly cold, necessitating a log fire, whose pungent and soporific smoke may have aided my imagination.) The vision was a distressing one, especially since, as I read on, I began to see Ruskin, no longer as a writer, but as a man during the eighty years of his actual life, in the image of a moth with a pin through his body—the pin which gave him "intense scorn of all I had hitherto done or thought, still intenser scorn of other people's doings and thinkings, especially in religion," the pin which made him "tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life, and the sense of the terrific call of human crime for resistance and human misery for help"—fluttering and fluttering and fluttering the wings of his frock-coat until the beautiful bloom was brushed from them and they were at last and finally folded, tattered and transparent, to be gently covered upon the library shelf by the dust of forgetfulness.

"He was a man of high genius," says the Master of Magdalene College, and recalls me with a jerk from my vision of those fluttering wings to a snippet from "The Queen of the Air," a disquisition on the courage of the fly and Homer and Pallas Athena. I find the purple passages and the cascade of words; I learn that Homer took the fly as the type of courage and, at the same time, as "entirely representative of the influence of the air both in purification and pestilence"; I am whisked away from the courageous and purifying fly to a discourse on the utility and æsthetic value of grass or to a demonstration that, where now is Venice, God two thousand years ago deliberately caused "the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain," in order that the tide might reach but not cover the door-steps of Venetian palaces when they should be builded. Next moment, having swallowed the "Stones of Venice" in a series of neat little pills, I am standing in Burlington House, some time just after the Crimean War, before Holman Hunt's picture "The Scapegoat," and am listening to the first art critic of the time explain that the picture fails because "there is no good hair painting, nor hoof painting in it," and because of "the insertion of the animal in the exact centre of the canvas."

* * *

MR. BENSON'S answer to this criticism is, of course, contained in the sentence which I have quoted from his Prefatory Note. His object is to show me the development of Ruskin's personality and literary style, not his theories about flies, grass, and Holman Hunt. The fault may be entirely mine, but I doubt very much whether I have gained any true or clear idea of Ruskin's character and style from these selections, and I have certainly obtained no idea at all of their development. The book contains seventy-one selections in 205 pages, so that the average length of a piece is less than three pages. As they are not arranged according to the chronological order of their writing—the first two pieces come from the last of Ruskin's books—and as the dates when they were written are not given, it is impossible to detect any development of literary style. The effect is that of a literary kaleidoscope which simply leaves my mind whirling. I have a feeling that the style and matter of "Præterita" are different from those of the other books, simpler, less turgid, and far more charming; but I have a suspicion that this judgment really dates from the far-off past when I read Ruskin whole. As for the rest, if I had to give a candid judgment from these selections upon "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice" and "Fors Clavigera," I should have to say that Ruskin was a very bad writer with an abominable literary style. The style is a perpetually purple patch of the thinnest verbosity. And if you want an example of it, here is one which I have obtained by opening the book at a venture:—

"The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls . . ."

But I am sorry; I find that there are sixteen more lines in this sentence, and I am already at the end of my page.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

"THE HULSEANS."

Erasmus the Reformer: a Study in Restatement. The Hulsean Lectures for 1921-22. By L. E. BINNS, B.D. (Methuen. 5s.)

For fifty years now last past we have been readers of the Hulsean Lectures. By this, we must not be understood as making the assertion that we have read *all* of them during that period. We are not so selfish in our pleasures; and occasionally, it well may be, we have missed one, or even more, of the long series devoted by its pious founder to the task of "making manifest the truth and excellence of Christianity." But off and on, and whenever the chance clearly presented itself, we have taken it, and seldom has it failed to give us pleasure. We can say as much for both "Bampton" and "Boyles."

Publications of this kind extending over long years must, of necessity, vary in their degrees of excellence. Calmly surveying, as we now can do, these long streams of argumentation as they have forced their way through the deep ravines the Time-Spirit is for ever digging on the surface of men's thoughts down to that Sea of Oblivion that ultimately swallows up all human argumentations, it is easy to see that they are not all of equal value. We cannot but notice—

"Here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,"

not to say an occasional greedy pike or clerical plagiarist, who sometimes, to the scandal and delight of his University, has made his appearance even in these usually well-preserved waters.

Mr. Binns's Lectures for 1921-22 are more easily read than those of his predecessors. It would be rude to say that they are more sincere, but they are certainly simpler, and more childlike in their innocence, than have been most of the "Hulseans." The lecturer is emphatically a man of the day, and nowhere is this made more manifest than in the character of the quotations with which (too lavishly) he has adorned his pages. Our Anglican, and indeed all our divines, have usually been great quoters, with the one notable exception of the greatest of them all, Bishop Butler, who, composing as he did straight out of the depths of his own sad heart, hardly ever makes a quotation from either an ancient or a modern writer.

Mr. Binns is unlike Bishop Butler, and though we have no quarrel with him for his quotations, all of which arise quite naturally as he writes, yet, as an old-fashioned "Hulsean," we own to having been taken not a little aback when encountering so many *novissimi homines* in reading this book. Dedicated as these Lectures are to the memory of Dr. Creighton and Dr. Figgis by their humble "disciple," it is only seemly that these two honoured names should frequently appear; but when it came to Mr. Masefield, Mr. Chesterton, Fiona Macleod, and Mr. Yeats, glad as we were to meet these authors so far afield, we could not but rub our eyes and wonder whether it was indeed a "Hulsean" we were reading.

In a sense these Lectures are concerned with Luther and Erasmus, the former regarded as a type of a revolutionary reformer and the latter as an experimental reformer, or a reformer "by way of amendment." What Mr. Binns has to say of these two reformers is always interesting, if sometimes marked by *naïveté*. But Luther and Erasmus are, in reality, only the text of Mr. Binns's discourse. What he is most concerned with is the present state of the Church, and how its teaching is to be "adjusted" to that "new situation" which, the lecturer takes for granted, has arisen in the Christian religion.

All dialecticians begin by making assumptions: "No dogma, no Dean"; "No assumptions, no 'Hulseans.'" Mr. Binns begins by assuming that there is, upon this particular planet, a living organism called the Church, to whom the Christian religion belongs, as a trade mark belongs to its registered owner; and then proceeds to say that it is the task of the Church "to present Christianity in terms of contemporary thought," and if it is found that in the system of the Church there are "superstitions, based on unworthy ideas of God and His Universe," those superstitions "must

go"; and he adds: "Theology must find room for the explanation of all things."

But is it quite fair for the lecturer to say superstitions must go, and that it is the task of the Church to perform this purgation, without telling us where, if anywhere, the ultimate authority resides that is to decide what is to pack up and go and what is to be left behind?

Mr. Binns in his lecture on Luther, the revolutionary reformer, has made it quite plain that, in his opinion, Luther had no sooner burnt the Pope's Bull than he found himself in a sad quandary, and though he began "nobly" with his doctrines of Grace and Justification by Faith, he ended as a worse Erastian than even Bishop Hoadly, for he came to regard "every prince as a Bishop of the Church, whose commands were as the ordinances of God."

Erasmus, on the other hand, though he ridiculed the Pope in a vein of irony Dean Swift might equal but could not surpass, and laughed at Relics and Pilgrimages, and was content to edit the works of the Fathers instead of collecting their teeth, died in the Church of his baptism. What is the lesson to be drawn from Luther and Erasmus?

Mr. Binns is not a Romanist, but where in the Anglican Church lies the authority to purge the Christian Faith from superstition? And if such authority does not exist in the Church to-day, what are her chances for the morrow? We think this should have been made a little clearer.

Mr. Binns goes on to say that a Faith "which cannot be applied to some of the most important functions of human life can never become universal and all-satisfying"; and he has also said, as we have seen, that "theology must find room for the explanation of all things." What warrant Mr. Binns holds for these lofty expectations and demands we know not. Why should theology be asked to explain or satisfy anything, save man's crying need for religion?

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

EARLY CHINESE PHILOSOPHY.

The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China.

By HU SHIH (Suh Hu), Professor of Philosophy at the National University of Peking. (Shanghai: Oriental Book Co.)

THIS book marks an entirely new beginning in the accessibility of Chinese thought for European readers. Europeans are hardly ever both first-class sinologues and competent philosophers, which is not to be wondered at. In European translations of Chinese philosophers, the notes and comments often show that the translator cannot have understood the ideas in the book, and has therefore probably mistranslated them. In one who wants to know about Chinese philosophy without understanding Chinese, this state of affairs leads to despair. Now, at last, we have Dr. Hu Shih, as well versed in Western philosophy as if he were a European, as good a writer of English as most American professors, and (one suspects) possessed of a sureness of touch in translating ancient Chinese texts which hardly any foreigner could hope to equal. And the result is quite as interesting as this unique equipment would lead one to expect, although it is tantalizing to know that this book is only a preliminary sketch of a larger Chinese work which he has since published, and which those who have read it declare to be better.

Dr. Hu Shih begins at the beginning and ends at the burning of the books (213 B.C.), which marks the close of free speculation and was succeeded by a period of orthodoxy. He regards Confucianism as unadapted to the modern needs of China, but wishes, as a patriot, to find Chinese antecedents for the new thought necessitated by contact with the West. He shows that, at the time when Confucianism was still only one of several rival schools, various philosophers since regarded as heterodox arrived at ideas which we are accustomed to consider modern, and which certainly far surpass in philosophic value anything produced by the orthodox tradition. The great defect of Chinese philosophy, as of most other philosophy (including that of Plato), is that it is unduly practical, too anxious to teach men to be virtuous, and too little concerned with purely intellectual problems. The ultimate purpose of most Chinese philosophy is to produce maxims for the government of the Empire and for gentlemanly behaviour. But some of the early authors quoted by

Dr. Hu Shih are far more free from this moralizing tendency than Confucius and his disciples.

The most interesting section of the book is that on Moh Tih and his school. The dates of Moh Tih are more or less conjectural, but Dr. Hu Shih places him between 500 B.C. and 420 B.C. He disliked the ritualism of Confucius, and objected to fine funerals and long periods of mourning. But his objection to ritualism was that of a puritan, not of a free-thinker; in fact, one of his accusations against the Confucians was that they were agnostics. He rejected the Confucian belief in determinism, practised asceticism, and taught that the fundamental doctrine of religion is "love all." (Confucius thought we ought to love our relations best.) From the doctrine of universal love he deduced that war is wrong, and all his disciples were pacifists. Dr. Hu Shih attributes the downfall of his school partly to the fact that China entered upon a period when great wars were unavoidable, and that this turned men's minds against a religion which taught pacifism.* This shows what odd people the Chinese are; in the West, wars have never damaged Christianity. Like Pythagoras, Moh Tih was at once a religious leader and a philosopher; his followers, like those of Pythagoras, split into two sections, the religious and the philosophical. It is the philosophical section that most concerns us; this was known as Neo-Mohism. One of their critics states that the Neo-Mohists "argued with one another about solidity and whiteness and about agreement and difference. They discussed among themselves whether odd and even numbers did not contradict each other." This was to some extent a caricature, which Dr. Hu Shih sets to work to rectify.

The Neo-Mohists recognized five methods of reasoning: deduction, comparison, parallel, analogy, and induction. Of these, comparison is not a method of discovering new truth, but only of illustration by metaphor or simile. What is meant by "parallel" is not clear. The method of induction is defined by these philosophers as follows: it "consists in making a general affirmation on the ground that the unexamined cases are similar to those already examined." This has a curiously modern sound, but Dr. Hu Shih assures us that he has not manufactured the modernity by his translation. Analogy is defined as the inference: "If you are so, why should not I be so?" They went on to define the method of agreement, the method of difference, and the joint method of agreement and difference. They seem to have realized that these methods can only make a conclusion probable, but they advanced the maxim: "What will probably be is just as good as what is." It should be understood that, like their master Moh Tih, they were pragmatists and utilitarians.

In the time shortly before the burning of the books there were paradox-mongers very analogous to the sophists. What is most surprising is that among the paradoxes are some which are almost verbally the same as two of Zeno's. "The shadow of a flying bird has never moved." "A swiftly fleeting arrow has moments both of rest and of motion." "If a rod one foot in length is cut short every day by one-half its length, it will still have something left even after ten thousand generations." There is another paradox which says: "The tortoise is taller (or longer) than the snake," to which Dr. Hu Shih adds a footnote: "I am inclined to think that this paradox was a corruption of one which probably was similar to the Zenonian paradox of Achilles and the tortoise." These analogies with Zeno are startling; it would be interesting to know whether any Greek influence is possible.

Dr. Hu Shih contends that some of the philosophers of this period had hit upon the idea of organic evolution; the texts he quotes seem, however, somewhat inconclusive. I will end this review by quoting a typically Chinese story told by one of these rationalists:—

"The House of Tien in the State of Chi held a great post-sacrificial feast at which over a thousand guests were present. In the middle of the feast, fish and wild ducks were offered. The host looked at them and said with a sigh: 'Great is Nature's kindness to man! She has produced grain and fish and birds for the use of man.' The speech was applauded by all the guests present.

*At this period, an opponent argued: "If the principle of disarmament triumphs, then our strategic passes will be defenceless. And if the doctrine of universal love triumphs, then none of our soldiers will be willing to fight."

"Thereupon the son of the House of Pao, who was only twelve years old, stepped forward and said: 'It is not so, my lord. All the beings in the universe coexist with men on a basis of equality. There is no natural order of superiority and inferiority. They conquer and prey on one another only by virtue of their superior strength and intelligence. No species is purposely produced for the sake of another. Men, too, prey on those things which they are able to conquer. How can we say that Nature has produced them for our benefit? Do not mosquitoes suck our blood and do not tigers and wolves eat our flesh? Shall we say that Nature has produced men for the benefit of mosquitoes and tigers and wolves?'"

It is not recorded what was done to the boy who made this speech. No doubt he grew up to write the sort of works that made the First Emperor order the burning of the books.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

SIMPLICITY AND SIMPLIFICATION.

Many Marriages. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. (New York: Huebsch. 7s. 6d.)

A Reversion to Type. By E. M. DELAFIELD. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The Last of the Vikings. By JOHAN BOJER. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

Le Fleuve de Feu. Par FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. (Paris: Grasset. 6 fr. 75.)

The Tale of Thomas Truelove. By ANNE TOPHAM. (Melrose. 7s. 6d.)

SIMPLICITY and simplification are very different things. There is scarcely one department in the emporium of fiction which Mr. Sherwood Anderson has not dismantled; scarcely one emotion he has not repudiated, scarcely one canon of behaviour he has not discouraged or denied. At its best, his prose has a ring of the Bible; at its worst, it is a dreary vista of auxiliary verbs, looking obliquely at futurity across the featureless, unco-ordinated landscape of a troubled mind. "I'm sure I must be a little insane" is a thought that continually assails John Webster, "a fairly prosperous manufacturer of washing-machines in a Wisconsin town" and the hero of "Many Marriages." "A sane person would not note every little thing that goes on, as I do to-day." A sane person might, of course, easily note little things. But his consciousness accounts for them and absorbs them; whereas they invaded and obstructed and compelled the consciousness of John Webster, thrusting upon it their hues and outlines, depriving it of its proper motion, making it a stranger to itself. They were, for him, as vivid and inexpugnable as objects seen in the early approaches of sea-sickness; and his mind was sea-sick all day long. Such coherence as it had came from its preoccupation with sex: a preoccupation so extravagant and unrelieved that only treatises on pathology afford it parallel.

It would be unfair to call "Many Marriages" immoral or obscene, partly because such words have no meaning in the exiguous, austere vocabulary Mr. Anderson employs for his simplified interpretation of life, and partly, too, because his sincerity puts his work, even when most outrageous and indecent, beyond the imputation of pornography.

How salutary, how very salutary, to turn from Mr. Anderson to Miss Delafield! Here, too, there is some impatience of convention and restraint, especially of that law of heredity which condemns Rose Aviolet's son, Cecil, to grow up a liar and a cheat. As a child, we are told, "he could not play a round game straight." This exceedingly difficult topic, which might be thought too rigid, too much circumscribed with medical technicalities to lend itself to fiction, Miss Delafield manages with great skill. The boy, of course, is most interesting when acting as a free agent, and in so far as Miss Delafield allows him this freedom she is being false to her own premises. She partially avoids the dilemma by never making it quite clear how far, if at all, Cecil's salvation rests in his own hands. His mother is never very convincing, perhaps because she is made to appear on at least three distinct social planes—with her uncle the pawnbroker; with the doctor, who loved her (a hardworking, worthy man, but a prig, like so many of Miss Delafield's heroes), and the aristocratic Aviolets, into whose family she had so unfortunately married. Her individuality, marked as it is, hardly survives these transitions. Neither is the text-

breathing pawnbroker quite as amusing as the best of Miss Delafield's caricatures.

"The Last of the Vikings" is a great contrast to both the preceding books, to Miss Delafield's ingenuity and to Mr. Sherwood Anderson's simplifications. As an epic of the sea, it has not escaped comparison with Conrad. In the main, the comparison is misleading. The fishermen whose way of life Bojer commemorates (for they no longer use sailing-boats, and the voyage from Lindegaard to Lofoten is a thing of the past) are unself-conscious, actuated by simple motives and swayed by primitive desires. Some even are unfaithful to the sea; and to those who follow it, it is not a religion, a test of honour and manhood, but a calling like any other, though with a stronger attraction. Failure and disloyalty stalk Lord Jim and Axel Heyst, involving them in tragic ruin; Bojer's Kristaver, too, is haunted by regret for the life he might have saved, but in the main his comrades wear their ideals lightly. Money is their chief concern; it calls out their reticence, which is more significant than their speech. Storm-bound together for three days, they have nothing left to tell each other; every subject is worn threadbare. The book, which is full of tenderness and enforced pathos, closes sadly, with the endurance of the fishermen stultified by the new methods, and the romance of their calling extinguished.

M. Mauriac is always summoning the angels to weep for the fantastic tricks he makes his people play before high heaven. "Le Fleuve de Feu," admirably written, moving, restrained, solemn, still has a spurious air. It is preluded by impressive passages from great French divines on the nature of sin, and by an injunction to the reader to remember he is little better than the heroine, who, the book shows, is to be twice not unwillingly seduced; it closes in church, the hero stealing away on tiptoe, resolved not to intrude himself further on his victim, who is posed before the high altar.

Eighteenth-century horseracing at Newmarket and a fairly easy escape from the clutches of the French Revolution give, at any rate, the "glamour" of history to Anne Topham's pleasantly written story, "The Tale of Thomas Truelove."

L. P. HARTLEY.

THE FRETFULNESS OF MR. WALKLEY.

More Prejudice. By A. B. WALKLEY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

A PREJUDICE is a strong feeling about a subject on which one is not competent to express an opinion, and Mr. Walkley's bonnet is more than usually full of these irritating little bees, which, after all, cause much more inconvenience to the owner of the bonnet than to anyone else. Any criticism, then, that may be proffered on "More Prejudice" will be dictated rather in sorrow than in anger. But Mr. Walkley's bonnet is inhabited by one enormous bee—almost a queen-hornet—which does not allow the poor fellow a moment's peace. He is lacerated by the reflection that, since the war, English criticism has been captured by a horde of illiterates, who have never read anything, and spend their time laying down the law on a number of subjects they know nothing about—who are, in fact, full of prejudice. These figments of his imagination are called by him "post-war barbarians," "the flapper school of critics," and other offensive names, because they have read none of the books that delighted Mr. Walkley's adolescence: "There are the latest fashions in criticism," he writes, "as there are in flapper frocks, and displaying, more often than not, the same freedom of décolletage. Literature, even critical literature, must accommodate itself to the clamorous needs of the ex-Service man. . . . Is he (Sainte-Beuve) read now? If I were writing before the war and the advent of the 'flapper' school of criticism, I should say he was read by everyone with the slightest pretensions to humane letters. But to-day I have my doubts. Matthew Arnold was saturated with him, and it was through Arnold that many of us were led to him as to so much else of the best. But I suppose the author of 'Essays in Criticism' is now only another fossil," and then Mr. Walkley proceeds to tear Sainte-Beuve to pieces. Why all this unnecessary heat? I do not know whether I am a flapper or not. As Mr. Hughes has recently pointed out in these columns, this "youth" question is bound to be silly, because, however young one is, there is always somebody younger, and there are lots of people much younger than myself. But I am a "post-war bar-

barian" in the sense that the war interfered with me much more than it did with Mr. Walkley, and I have read the "Essays in Criticism" and the "Causeries du Lundi," I think, with at least as much care as has Mr. Walkley, and so have all my contemporaries "with the slightest pretensions to humane letters." So Mr. Walkley may be consoled. Further, is it too much to suggest that one who has led—and no blame to him—as comfortable a life as Mr. Walkley might show a little sympathy with a generation that spent five critical years in the galleries, not of the "Français," but of the Somme, and did its best to pick up the strands of civilization at the point where they had been so ruthlessly snapped? After all, Mr. Walkley is not stupid, and intelligent persons should be a little less prejudiced and a little more *documenté* before they proceed to lay down the law about other people.

But Mr. Walkley is nothing if not *chic*, so that he is only too anxious to show that he knows all about the enthusiasms of the flappers, who are unacquainted with the works of Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve. For this reason he has bespattered his pages with a great many references to Proust, who, as he informed us in an earlier volume, is one of his prejudices—that is to say, one of those subjects on which he feels strongly for insufficient reasons. I am led to the disagreeable conclusion that he has read the master with considerably less care than has been bestowed by the "flappers" on Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold. For him Proust was a snob, dominated by the glitter of the Faubourg and absorbed in the minutiae of etiquette. Finally, he indulges in this astonishing lucubration:—

" . . . M. de Charlus, who is surely one of the most repulsive brutes ever conceived by a novelist . . . I will content myself with saying that the analyzable and unanalyzable are just for me matters of personal taste, and my taste is not catholic enough to take in the peculiarities of that filthy brute and amazing cad M. de Charlus. . . . But there the thing is 'foxing,' as it were, page after page—and I won't utter another word on the subject."

Now this is a very serious matter. With the exception of the hero himself, M. de Charlus is far and away the most important character in the immense epic called "A la recherche du temps perdu," and, far from wasting his time analyzing "a filthy brute and amazing cad," the author conceived himself to be portraying, "with the fidelity of a herald and the painful love of a son," a highly sympathetic and interesting personality. It is difficult to see what Mr. Walkley can have made of the book he so much praises, if he has missed the point so completely as these and other sentences seem to suggest. Really he must either reread it a little more carefully or strike it off the list of his prejudices.

Finally, if a flapper may advise a *douairière*, Mr. Walkley might with advantage think a bit more and feel a bit less before publishing his next volume—which, I hope, may be deservedly called "Less Prejudice."

F. B.

A GOSSIPING DIARIST.

The Farington Diary. By JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A. Vol. II. 1802-1804. Edited by JAMES GREIG. (Hutchinson. 21s.)

THE diarists afford us a pleasant variety of mirrors: solid mahogany-edged, like Crabb Robinson, reflecting with large, plain surface outlines of an intellectual society; Pepys, framed in a gambolling of fauns and apes, a serviceable, bright mirror; others, reflecting from within the mysterious country through the looking-glass—Amiel, pale, disappointed ghosts pressing to the dim surface; Hebbel, the cabalistic signs of Art's metaphysics. Farington, beautifully set in solid but tasteful gilt, unmistakably of English manufacture, makes images of the outer world, of so much of it as struck a glint from his reflecting surface. At times, precision of detail reveals curious observation; rarely artistic or imaginative observation: the Paris restaurant of 1802, for instance, its tables "covered with a piece of painted oil-cloth, and under each plate, according to the number of persons, was a *napkin*, which the person to whose plate it belonged might put under his chin, upon his knees, or make a small table-cloth of it for his own purpose; and in each way I saw them used, which produced a whimsical effect." More generally he is content to record his experience of persons and places with the detachment of an English gentleman,

not judging exactly their relative values, but giving you the sense that he could if he liked, since he has the absolutely standard measure in his pocket. He has a large appetite for gossip, whether interesting or not; and gossip of a hundred years ago has its historical value. His style is plain, but not always simple, and we may be startled for a moment by a sentence like this (from the Wye Tour, p. 145):—

"Here [at Oxford] we found a good fire and a maid-servant with coffee prepared."

Farington's opportunities for social observation were good; and with these and the help of gossip we are continually in touch with prominent personalities of the day. Art, politics, and, to a less degree, literature are well represented. An evening with Coleridge at Sir George Beaumont's in 1804 (Chapter LVII.) is fortunately above the general level of the Diary. If it does not add much to the picture we have conceived of Coleridge at this time, it brings out some of the colours and confirms the general outline: Coleridge talking, talking, talking, and the company somehow spellbound, but not quite comfortable:—

"The evening was passed not in conversation but in listening to a succession of opinions and explanations delivered by Coleridge, to which I attended from a desire to form a judgment of his ability. It was all metaphysical, frequently perplexed, and certainly at times without understanding his subject. . . . On coming away I expressed to Dance how much I was fatigued by that sort of confinement we had been under. He sympathized in it."

Coleridge's saying about Erasmus Darwin is characteristic in its laboured aptness; and how much we should have liked to hear him read some lines of Wordsworth upon Westminster Bridge and the scenery from it in "what I should call *broad Devonshire*, for a gentleman." It is interesting to have the record of Farington's meeting with Coleridge; it must be typical of a large number of similar incidents in Coleridge's life. For Farington has in some perfection the solid, stolid, honest stupidity of the cultivated English middle class.

The Diary is readable for most of us, because few of us can resist a tolerable gossipier; and valuable to the historian, because gossip is a necessary corrective to State papers.

A word must be said of the editing. The captions or headings are an unnecessary annoyance; if the editor could not bear to leave them out (he introduces them even into his notes), he might have laboured to make them more significant. The notes cannot be commended, save where they supply a biographical outline. The digressive note on the dramatic unities (p. 50), if it shows knowledge of English theatrical conditions in 1923, will not explain Farington's reference to the unities of the French stage in 1802.

F. W. STOKOE.

THE SHAKESPEARE SAGA.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS. (Constable. 21s)

In the preface to his "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" Mr. Shaw declares that the ambition of every literary man who has established himself in his own right is to furnish for his generation its most valid interpretation of the Shakespeare Saga. Something of the same sort is true concerning students of literature. Of Professor Joseph Quincy Adams's "Life of Shakespeare" it may be said that if it does not supplant Sir Sidney Lee, it is at least an indispensable complement, which is no mean praise. The Greeks and Trojans of the Shakespeare Saga (Forsythe must be justification for the extension of the word's association) are the subjective rhapsodists and the objective clerks. Mr. Clutton-Brock and Mr. J. M. Robertson are two representative antagonists in our English sector of the Shakespearian front. The present volume goes far towards establishing the Cornell Professor as generalissimo to the objectivist armies.

There is no pretty legend which does not undergo his ruthless examination. At odds with Sir Sidney Lee, for instance, on the whole business of "lousie Lucy," he leaves the picturesque and traditional identification of Justice Shallow and Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote very improbable. So far from entertaining the picture of the engaging deer-poaching rascal, he quotes with special emphasis the statement of William Beeston, the Caroline theatrical

manager (miscalled by the author "Elizabethan") whose father was a member of the London troupe of actors which Shakespeare joined. "He understood Latin pretty well," said Beeston, "for in his younger years he was a schoolmaster in the country." Professor Adams leans, perhaps dangerously, in the direction of converting Shakespeare into a Coventry Patmore young man. "All the definite evidence we have . . . points to that harmony of married love so eloquently expressed by the poet in the 'Sonnets.'" The image of the "Angel in the House" beating his hymeneal wings over the "Sonnets" is no less striking than chastening.

The attempt to relate every theme and hero elaborated by Shakespeare with the concrete episode of the poet's life has been carried to the point at which it becomes a detraction of his creative artistry. Mr. Frank Harris's volumes are at once the most brilliant achievements of this attitude and its *reductio ad absurdum*. "Hamlet," stalwartly declares Professor Adams, "is the consequence not of melancholia, but of ambition." Having shown himself capable of plays of ingenuity and fantasy, of histories and comedies, the moment was now ripe for Shakespeare to attempt tragedy itself, the highest flight of drama. Yet it seems unlikely either that Shakespeare mapped out his life on some such deliberate schedule as, according to his own confession, directed the career of Mr. Arnold Bennett, or that he could have conceived or endured the torments of "Hamlet" under an impulse so icy as ambition. Obviously, Professor Adams will have no use for those "romantics" who read into Prospero and "The Tempest" a symbolism of Shakespeare's attitude to his own art. It was merely a fresh indication of the poet's versatility, for the accession of James had introduced that new dramatic fashion of courtly tragi-comedy, interspersed with lyrics or masques, which Beaumont and Fletcher were executing so cunningly. But Mr. Adams seems to forget that these same ingredients compounded at any other period of Shakespeare's life would have produced a vastly different play, and that their combination in this particular manner, towards the conclusion of his career as a playwright, must have far more spiritual significance than he allows.

Professor Adams exercises considerable restraint in refusing to enter the house haunted by "Mr. W. H." to lay that elusive ghost. It might be desolating to attain the secret, but no task in literary scholarship is so fascinating. He inclines to associate "Mr. W. H." with some young gentleman of considerably lower rank than Southampton, and in so much as this overlooks Mrs. Charlotte Stopes's arguments not only in favour of Southampton, but in disfavour of his own theory, a more explicit treatment of the matter would have been desirable. He more than makes up for it by his admirable account of the Elizabethan theatre generally, and of the houses in particular with which Shakespeare was associated. But his principal achievement is to impress on his reader the conviction that, if any single human was capable of producing the amazing complex called Shakespeare, it was not this man, nor that man, nor another man; it was none but the lad whose career he pursues with such patient labour and such prompt intuition out of green fields in Warwickshire to London, and home to green fields again.

LOUIS GOLDING.

"HAD WE BUT WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME . . ."

Three Wonder Plays. By Lady GREGORY. (Putnam. 6s.)

Seven Short Plays. By Lady GREGORY. (Putnam. 5s.)

Green Broom. By FLORENCE HENRIETTA DARWIN. (Cambridge: Heffer. 1s. 6d.)

I DISTRUST dialect and brogue, yokels and colleens, fairies, madrigals, and folk-dancing; all those things, in fact, which Miss Shoe would describe as so sweet, so jolly, or so quaint; I suspect "Hassan." Mr. Hardy wears his smock with a difference, and so, I suppose, does Mr. Powys; but as a rule a whiff of grease-paint, a flicker of limelight can be detected, and one resents the unfair advantages of lotus-flowers, or shepherds' crooks, or—I refer to the morris—"bells on the toes." And why should the Irish be allowed "to make fritters of English," as Falstaff puts it, and by so doing light upon strange felicities of speech, create new and delightful idioms? There is, however, the consolation that this licence is more levelling than death. The Playboy and an Irish R.M. speak

more nearly the same language than, say, Quickly, Mrs. Poyser, and Sarah Gamp. Perhaps I have an inexperienced ear, but, at any rate, I conclude that Irish literature is more concerned with language than character, with the words of the mouth rather than with the meditations of the heart; and although "magic and pregnancy of phrase" may be the alpha and omega of poetry, in drama and in prose one wants Hamlet and Phèdre and Anna Karenin and the Midget.

Lady Gregory has written three Wonder Plays; they are meant, I think, for the nursery of the House Beautiful. There are cats playing on fiddles, a Dragon, two Aunts of the Prince of the Marshes, five Wren-boys, an Ogre, and many other surprises. The first has in some degree the irritating manner of "They Went": kings and queens are made to be more human than man, and the result is like an exaggerated and distorted court of Phœacia with the naïf charm of Nausicaa quite lost. The other two plays are inconsequent and unreal. I took down Hans Andersen and read "The Tinder-Box," "The Match Girl," and "The Emperor's New Clothes." Perhaps fairy stories do not dramatize well—the impossibilities are so very improbable. Yet one cannot help believing Hans Andersen, and what could be more dramatic than the great scene in "The Swineherd," when the King discovers his daughter lying by the royal pigsties, screened by the maids-of-honour and paying ten kisses for a saucepan which betrayed what everybody in the city was having for dinner, from the Lord Chamberlain to the cobbler? There is about Lady Gregory's Wonder Plays a sort of shadowy idealism which smudges the whole effect; Hans Andersen is all "high lights."

The Seven Short Plays, dedicated to W. B. Yeats and acted at the Abbey Theatre, 1904-08, do not aim so high, and are far better reading. Both the name and theme of "Hyacinth Halvey" appealed to me most. Many schoolboys have undergone the strain of living up to a bound volume of Longfellow or Creasy's "Decisive Battles" during the holidays, and most grown-ups go about the world feeling that their reputation is sometimes dangerously over-rated, and that one day they will be shown up as frauds or ignoramus, even more brutally than the man who hid his talent in a napkin: one so often has an anticipatory sip of the day of judgment. Hyacinth Halvey came to Cloon with a heavy parcel of testimonials and everybody praising him "like a prize mangold at a show." Appalled at the solitude and giddy height of his fame, he steals a sheep; unfortunately, this makes Quirke the butcher his friend for life, as the meat was not above suspicion and the police were preparing to investigate. Then Hyacinth robs a church, but Fardy, the telegraph-boy, is discovered with a share of the spoil—a half-crown, identified by the Sergeant as the nest-egg of the offer-tory, thanks to "a dint on the Queen's temples and a crooked scratch under her nose." At this crisis Halvey enters and confesses his guilt; the testimonials stand the strain; he is chaired round Cloon as the saviour of Fardy, the martyr of a noble heart, a model of self-sacrifice. "Spreading the News" and "The Jackdaw" are more fantastic and demand rapid Irish acting; "The Workhouse Ward" is slight but delightful. In the remaining three plays Lady Gregory is more serious: "The Rising of the Moon" is dramatically the best piece in the book, even if "The Gaol Gate," which is the favourite of the authoress, is higher literature. "The Travelling Man" is a miracle-play very much in the manner of Mr. Yeats, and it contains an attractive song by him:—

"Come ride and ride to the garden,
Come ride and ride with a will:
For the flower comes with the fruit there
Beyond a hill and a hill.

"O scent of the broken apples!
O shuffling of holy shoes!
Beyond a hill and a hill there
In the land that no one knows."

There are two stools in Irish literature: one is the pedestal of Synge and Yeats, the other is the entertainer's platform of Somerville and Martin Ross and George Birmingham.

I hope Mr. Hardy will not soften his heart in his old age (there are signs of it) and abandon his grudge against fate. I hope that if he reads "Green Broom" he will be displeased and sickened at seeing a ghostly, gutless version of "Far from the Madding Crowd" masquerading as a gospel parable; for that is the impression it makes upon me.

Time's winged chariot hurries near. I resign wonder plays and romantic rustics to Miss Marianne Dashwood. The charm of a wilderness soon vanishes when you cannot find the way out; the paths are wet and overgrown with brambles. I am glad to get back to well-lighted rooms and select, elegant company, to Racine, to Lord Chesterfield, to Miss Austen.

GEORGE RYLANDS.

MENTAL ATHLETICS.

Principles of Psychology. By ARTHUR LYNCH. (Bell. 21s.)

THROUGHOUT the present overwhelming output of psychological literature, it is abundantly evident that, as yet, no brain of the order of a Newton or an Einstein has arisen to revolutionize the foundations of mental science. If such a genius make his appearance amongst us, then, and not before, we may allow ourselves to dream, with some hope of attainment, of a far-distant Utopia for humanity. In the meantime there is plenty of spade-work to be done by the trained psychologist in clearing out of all conceivable paths to progress any obstacles to further discovery which he may recognize as such.

The comparatively short history of the science has been vibrant with spasms of illusive hope, caused by the frequent appearance of would-be prophets and initiates. And it is only fair to recognize that conclusions of great value have been achieved by the work of such pioneer brains as Charcot, Freud, and many others. But the nature of the relationship between the mind and the brain has, so far, eluded discovery. And, although much may be accomplished by consideration of the physiological and psychological aspects of the mental life, as separate and independent series, yet the essential problem remains that of the nature of the constant network of relations which must connect the mind as a system of psychological units with the brain as a physiological organ.

For the rest, the psycho-analytical theories have managed to survive the effects of excessive popularization; and now, while the supporters of the method are settling down to the slow task of application, current speculation seems to be working, once more, in the vein of the somewhat reactionary academic psychology of pre-analytic times. So that we have the wide thought-experience of men like McDougall, Spearman, and others, collected into rather weighty treatises of the more metaphysical and systematic types. Mr. Lynch, the author of the present even weightier tome, is a bold, non-professional thinker who, some years ago, dedicated two considerable volumes to a new system of psychology. Now, in this single-volume treatise, he claims to have fulfilled an objective of no mean proportions. After a long sitting, I am convinced that the objective has been attained; but I remain definitely in doubt as to the importance he claims for it. Briefly, the core of the system, elaborated over some 400 pages, is the reduction of all mental syntheses to a number (twelve actually) of irreducible principles, termed by Mr. Lynch the Fundamental Processes. In terms of these twelve processes, the universe in all its manifestations may therefore be interpreted, the practical corollary to this proposition being that anyone in possession of the right understanding of the processes finds himself at the matrix of the sciences, whence he may construct, reconstruct, analyze, define, and generally acquaint himself with the secrets of the universe. In the scheme of the book, detailed discussion of the irreducibles is preliminary to still more detailed discussion of their application throughout all departments of human knowledge and behaviour, their relation to the special senses, their function in mathematical reasoning, and so on. Finally, their efficacy in the solution of such problems as externality, ego and will, reason and belief, is treated. But, at the end of the whole argument, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that an inordinate amount of labour and concentration has been expended in achieving conclusions most of which are elementary and form part of the rather obvious preliminary equipment of anyone who is desirous of entering the philosophical arena. For most philosophers will admit tacit acceptance of the fact that the universe can only be apprehended through presentation to consciousness in the form of either sense-datum, percept or concept, and by the aid of such processes as immediate presentation, memory,

association, and others of Mr. Lynch's twelve essentials. In affording himself such a generous number of elements he has insured against any possibility of failure in building up the necessary syntheses for construction of the universe. In a later analysis he may be able to reduce their number again; but the achievement will remain of the same order. Mr. Lynch has chosen psychological processes for his units. But, as far as the form of the argument is concerned, he might have chosen logical entities—with greater success, probably, inasmuch as intellectual satisfaction is attained by elimination of the superfluous. But where attainment of knowledge, in the scientific sense, is concerned, the achievement must remain on a par with all other metaphysical discoveries of a like nature.

If the universe is to be finally continuous, then the ultimate entities involved in the interpretations of the different sciences must reduce to the same entity viewed from different aspects. The present divergence between the different branches of science, or knowledge, is due to a difference of units. There does not seem to be any *a priori* reason for supposing that the universe is ultimately continuous. It is just an assumption, only less important for science than that of the ultimate rational nature of the universe. And, so far, no salient fact or startling discovery has come to light to prove or disprove it. The common denominator for all the sciences may ultimately be discovered. And, for theoretical purposes, all that is required in order to pass from one system of relations to another is that any necessary additional qualities in the one shall not be inconsistent with those already ascribed in the other. Mr. Lynch's work is a very conscientious exercise in substitution, and, as such, entirely fulfils his second objective in providing a rigorous and excellent training for a mental athlete.

AMETHE McEWEN.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Philosophy of Civilization. By R. H. TOWNER. Two vols (Putnam. 22s. 6d.)

This is a very disappointing book. It sets out to deal scientifically and at great length with the rise and fall of civilizations, a field of inquiry where much still remains to be explored. We read the whole book with great interest, partly because Mr. Towner has collected a large number of historical facts which, he imagines, support his extraordinary theories, and partly because his theories are so extraordinary that they at least compel one to view many well-known facts from an unusual angle. But when one has said this, one has exhausted the book's merits—the rest is disappointment. We have no complaint against Mr. Towner for having extraordinary theories; what we object to is his extraordinary idea of how to prove a theory. For instance, a very large portion of his book is concerned to prove that the rise of civilizations is mainly caused by the compulsory marriage and motherhood of sexually cold women. Here are some of the assumptions upon which this theory is based: that the children of sexually cold women will inherit sexual coldness; that the children of non-sexually cold women bear children with small heads; that the children of sexually cold women have an "augmented nervous system." None of these remarkable assumptions is proved. Mr. Towner holds that enforcement of maternity upon cold women is the chief factor in causing the rise of civilizations, but he also believes that there are two other important civilizing factors, private property and drink. We have, unfortunately, no space in which to do justice to his method of proving that only a civilization in which "drinking is the common indulgence of all classes" will "display national genius for an extended period."

* * *

Wallpaper: its History, Design, and Use. By PHYLLIS ACKERMAN, Ph.D. With Frontispiece in Colours and numerous Illustrations from Photographs. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

This is a thoroughly interesting and workmanlike book. Miss Ackerman deprecates the cowardly practice of leaving the wall bare, and gives a brief history of the different styles of wallpaper and its method of manufacture from the earliest known example to the present day. The successful use of wallpaper as decoration is itself, as she says, an art. Numerous illustrations of great beauty and curiosity amply

bear witness to the possibilities of the art. She believes, moreover, that it is now on the verge of revival.

* * *

The Wings of the Dove. By HENRY JAMES. Two vols. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. each.)

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S complete edition of the novels and stories of Henry James is now reaching its end. The last instalment gives us "The Wings of the Dove," to which is prefixed the extremely interesting preface, hitherto available in the New York edition only. Any commencing critic who wishes to sharpen his wits in the art might do worse than take up the challenge which Henry James here threw down. Something went wrong with the book in the writing. The problem is to say when, why, and by what artful dodges the author disguised or attempted to disguise his failure—an amusing occupation for a wet day.

* * *

Chats on Old English Drawings. By RANDALL DAVIES. (Fisher Unwin. 9s.)

THERE are forty-five illustrations to this collector's handbook, in which Mr. Davies gossips cheerfully about drawings from the seventeenth century to about 1820, their merits, their prices, and the best method of running them to earth. The sport is still sparsely followed, and the gusto with which he relates his own triumphs should certainly thicken the field. He gives the sensible advice that the beginner should buy what he likes as cheap as he can without bothering about names.

MUSIC

PERGOLESI UP TO DATE.

M. LE PRÉSIDENT DES BROSSES, writing from Naples some two centuries ago, said that he was unwilling to miss a single evening of the "Frascatana" of Leo, so delighted was he with the *comédies en jargon napolitain*; and his favourite among all composers of the day was *le charmant Pergolèse*. We regard these men and their works nowadays as classics, but in their own time they were the equivalent of our modern musical comedy. Naples still pours out its annual torrent of popular songs every September in honour of the Virgin of Piedigrotta. They are written by all sorts of composers, professional and amateur, though an English friend of mine, deceived by the name of the festival, once asked me if I did not admire the works of "the best composer in Italy—I suppose she is the Italian Ethel Smyth!" Their style preserves a tradition of its own, always recognizable as Neapolitan, changing little from year to year. At moments it reminds one of phrases of Mascagni or Puccini, but it is probably nearer the truth to say that these musicians have taken more from Piedigrotta than they gave to it. The collections of the last few years show the inevitable influence of what Naples calls the *fòcchese-trotte*, but it is not assimilated happily. The genuine Neapolitan style goes back to the days of Leo and Pergolesi, and is inspired only by words in its own dialect.

Musical comedy is still written in Italy, with an Italian character of its own, but the competition from abroad is very strong. Whether Italian musical comedy would stand importation into England is not a question for a musician to answer; such problems are only for managers. The other evening, at a historic theatre which once saw the production of grand operas by Handel and Scarlatti, I saw a musical comedy entitled "Scugnizza," by Mario Costa. The title-word is Neapolitan, and signifies a ragamuffin, in this case female. The scene was laid at Naples, with a *Scugnizza* heroine, a *Scugnizzo* hero, and a chorus of their peers, balanced by a chorus of American tourists, who serve as background to an elderly American widower, anxious to marry the *Scugnizza*, and his daughter, who has to console herself with a comic Frenchman. One does not expect much variety in the plots of musical comedies. The charm of "Scugnizza" lay in its Neapolitan tunes. It was quite up to date in its dance forms, and the music of them was lively and well written. Modernity even went as far as throwing the words of a popular song on the curtain in order that the audience might join in singing it, which they did with much enjoyment.

A less successful but more curious experiment in Italian musical comedy was "Si," the music of which is by Mascagni. It was composed in 1919. Mascagni's reputation as a composer has declined steadily since "Cavalleria Rusticana." His perpetual failures have been due partly to a want of education, and partly to a refusal to follow the beaten track. "Iris" was a case in point. In those days—"Iris" dates from before 1900—Japanese tragedy as material for opera was a dangerous novelty. Mascagni went even further and tried to compose a Wagnerian Japanese opera. The result was unpleasing, and Mascagni had certainly made no effort to please. For that one must respect him. Puccini, a few years later, took up the Japanese idea, noted that "The Geisha" was more successful than "The Ring," made every effort to please, and after a preliminary failure made an ultimate success of "Madame Butterfly." Mascagni, after various experiments, has now experimented with musical comedy. But he has tried to write a new kind of musical comedy. He has taken a libretto of the most obvious kind, giving all the obvious opportunities for song and dance, and has tried to end it after the manner of "La Traviata." The scene is the Italian equivalent of "gay Paree"; Luciano di Chablis, duke and *vicour*, gets entangled with two ladies, one a pure and virtuous telegraph girl, the other a star of the Folies-Bergère, who is called "Si" because she answers everybody's requests in the affirmative. The plot was more than usually difficult to follow; but the Duke, after apparently marrying the actress at a night club in the second act, deserts her for the paragon of virtue, and the piece ends with the Duke and his new Duchess going off cheerfully together while the unfortunate "Si," having said yes once too often, is left in a state of collapse on a chair in the Bois de Boulogne, with the Director of the Folies-Bergère looking on regretfully, like King Mark over the body of Isolde, Dr. Grenvil over Madamigella Valéry, or the American Consul over Madame Butterfly. The night-club marriage seems to have been another case of a 999 years' lease.

The ordinary theatre-goer would condemn "Si" at once, because it is not an ordinary musical comedy. People can put up with a dash of humour in a tragedy, but a dash of tragedy in a comic play is not to their liking. "Si" gives one the impression that Mascagni set out to write a tragedy of "Bohemian" life against a background of musical comedy. After all, Puccini's "Bohème" does much the same thing. But "La Bohème" preserves the outward form of grand opera, and keeps on a certain well-established level of respectable sentimentality. The average audience feels comfortable all the way through it. Again, Mascagni might have treated his subject in a realistic manner, showing us the Folies-Bergère from behind the scenes. That would have had obvious qualities of success, for audiences love nothing better than a play which takes them behind the scenes of a theatre. What is distressing about this operetta of Mascagni is that he presents his subject in the musical forms of conventional musical comedy—the opening scene set in a post office, with a chorus of telegraph girls, and a sudden entrance of the Director of the Folies-Bergère with another chorus representing *les cocottes storiche della Francia* from Joan of Arc to Mme. de Sévigné. (But as the Director himself remarks, the names can be changed if you don't like them.) The fact is that Mascagni has really tried to express a musical subject in its own musical forms. It is an ingenious idea, and there is no reason why it should not be successful if rightly carried out.

The opera is not successful from an artistic point of view. The reason of its failure is, as always, Mascagni's lack of education. His purely musical technique of composition is always clumsy and maladroit. A problem such as this requires not merely average skill (and one can hardly credit Mascagni with even that), but cleverness and ingenuity very far above the average. Mascagni's patron saint is Our Lady of Piedigrotta, though he is not by birth a Neapolitan. He has a great gift of natural coarse-fibred lyricism. He can be full-blooded and passionate, as "Cavalleria" showed; the

force of his Mediterranean emotion carries everything before it. "Cavalleria" still lives, though its whole style seems now almost as remote as that of "Carmen" or "Faust." And "Si" contains plenty of numbers in which this natural lyricism finds vent. When Mascagni tries to be *mondain* he is deplorable. When he tries to write in modern dance forms he is awkward and helpless. His natural instinct is not to dance, but to sing. The fascination of his melodies, vulgar though the well-bred Northerner may find them, lies in their rhythmical irregularity. They must be sung—bawled, if you like—but sung with an Italian's sensual joy in the act of singing.

I doubt whether these Italian musical comedies would bear transplantation to England. In an English musical comedy it is not considered correct to sing. There are certain other forms of entertainment, differing only slightly in artistic merit, in which it is understood that the performers are real singers. The difference between a musical comedy singer and a real singer is that in the one case you may understand the words and in the other you can't. The people who performed the musical comedies of Leo and Pergolesi at Naples two hundred years ago were also "musical comedy singers"—that is to say, they were actors who would never have been tolerated as singers on the grand opera stage. But they could sing naturally, as all Italians can, and as most English people could, if they were not afraid of it. There are English musical comedy singers who in private life are quite good musicians; but I must not hint at their names, or I might be involved in a libel action. Sometimes, if one listens very attentively, one may hear them betray themselves for a bar or two, but, generally speaking, it is not considered good form to sing—really to sing—on the English musical comedy stage, or to show accurate musicianship. It would never do; they might be taken for foreigners, and they would certainly run the risk of being thought not quite ladies or gentlemen.

EDWARD J. DENT.

ART

INDUSTRIAL ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

MASS production tends to work in a vicious circle. The manufacturers know that the public thinks ornamented objects more "expensive-looking" than plain ones, and that the public associates certain well-worn styles with expensive interiors. They cover their cheap goods accordingly with cheap ornament, and copy accepted styles in cheap materials. The market is flooded with such goods, which the public buys partly in the spirit of vulgar snobbery diagnosed by the manufacturer, but more because the goods are accessible, more still because mass production has made them familiar, and most of all because they are cheap. The public buys these things, in fact, because no others can be had without added trouble, and the manufacturer makes a million or two more because the last couple of million sold quickly and at a profit. If the artist tells the manufacturer that such things are hideous and shoddy, the manufacturer replies that the trade must supply the public with the things it wants; if the artist scolds the public for buying rubbish, the public replies that it must buy what can be obtained at the price.

The circle is complete. But it is not infrangible, as can be seen at the second exhibition of the British Institute of Industrial Art, now open at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The considerable attendance at this exhibition makes it clear that the Institute is already regarded as a stable and helpful organization. This is heartening, because the Institute exists to destroy the

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vicious circle. It acts as a link between industrial establishments on the one hand and artists and designers on the other, and its exhibitions are held in order that the public may see the results of this collaboration.

In arranging the present exhibition the Institute has co-operated with the Design and Industries Association and the Civic Arts Association. The exhibits have been carefully selected by a committee composed of the Director (Major Longden), Fellows of the Institute, and members of the Design and Industries Association, who visited stores, workshops, and studios to discover pre-eminently practical objects for the guidance of artists and craftsmen, and examples of original and well-designed hand-work to set up standards of taste for the manufacturer.

These efforts, though not uniformly successful, have produced commendable and in some cases quite admirable results. The metal-work section is the weakest. The trade, it would seem, is still self-satisfied, content to reproduce or combine old formulæ, and unwilling to seek inspiration from architects and craftsmen, while these in their turn are inclined to be over-precious and unenterprising. Sheffield and Scotland have contributed nothing to the exhibition, and Birmingham is only represented by the Birmingham Guild of Handicrafts. In other words, the trade has allowed this section to be a failure. The ceramics, too, are, generally speaking, of little interest. Wedgwood, Moorcroft, Carter, Jones, and Gray seem to employ designers of merit, but for the rest the trade exhibits fall far below the standard set by the fine pottery of Mr. W. S. Murray, Mr. Bernard Leach, and Mr. R. F. Wells, and even below the exhibits of the students at the Art Schools of the Five Towns, who are doing good work under Mr. Gordon Forsyth.

The textile section, on the other hand, is most encouraging. Manchester, Bradford, and Nottingham have responded much better than Sheffield and Birmingham. Tootal, Broadhurst & Lee, of Manchester, and Morton, of Carlisle, have been experimenting with fadeless fabrics, and both claim to have produced "cloth" which will withstand all kinds of exposure and all kinds of washing. G. P. Baker shows block-printed linens, and one especially handsome design printed in several combinations of colour; William Foxton has taken his courage in both hands and produced cretonnes of real originality; Walter Sefton shows designs by Mr. Sheringham; and the exhibits of the famous house of Warner are as sumptuous as ever.

In the furniture section the Institute refused to exhibit reproductions of period furniture, and invited manufacturers to send examples of original designs. The majority of manufacturers were unable to comply, being under contract to reserve their "exclusive" designs for the great retail houses of London and the provinces. So recourse was had to firms like Harrods, Waring & Gillow, Heal, Liberty, and Oetzmänn, and their several compartments make it clear that it is possible to find new designs and good cabinet-making if one has the time and patience to look for them. In this section also we noted the ebonized ash furniture by Edward Gardiner from the excellent designs of the late E. W. Gimson; this furniture looks quite exceptionally slim and attractive in plain rooms with distempered walls, and is said to be as durable as heavier and more clumsy patterns. It is to be hoped that future exhibitions will include work from Waals, of Cirencester, Sellars, of Manchester, and Whytock & Reid, of Edinburgh.

All things considered, the Institute is to be congratulated on a gallant attempt to drive dilettantism from the field of the applied arts. The level of the public taste is raised perhaps a little by pale jewellery set with semi-precious stones, dainty trinkets, and embroidered cloths. But real progress can only be made by continuous co-operation with the great firms which control the mass production of the day.

R. H. W.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

THE third volume of Messrs. Benn's handsomely produced "Player's Shakespeare," containing "Cymbeline," has now appeared. Mr. Albert Rutherford, who edits the illustrations of the whole series, has himself provided the decorations for this play—sketches in colour and line, the atmosphere of which agreeably reminds us of the engravings of van der Gucht in the Tonson octavo dramas of two centuries ago. Mr. Granville-Barker's lively introduction extends to forty pages.

MR. RUTHERSTON is general editor also to Messrs. Benn's "Contemporary British Artists," the illustrated monographs of which six have been published, while others are forthcoming, dealing with Jacob Epstein, Eric Gill, Charles Holmes, Henry Lamb, Ambrose McEvoy, Charles Shannon, and Stanley Spencer. Another series which the same publishers are preparing is "Masters of Architecture"—surely a sign of the times. The first six of these pen-and-picture studies are devoted to Inigo Jones, Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh, Chambers, Bentley, and McKim. Mr. S. C. Ramsey, who writes the Inigo Jones volume, is editor-in-chief.

MR. HARDY'S verse play, "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse," which is to be acted in Dorchester in mid-November, but not, we believe, in London, is to be published at the time of its stage appearance by Messrs. Macmillan. Perhaps the words "stage appearance" are imprecise, for Mr. Hardy requires "no theatre or scenery." There are lyrics in the course of the piece, and the publication will include two drawings of Tintagel Castle by the author.

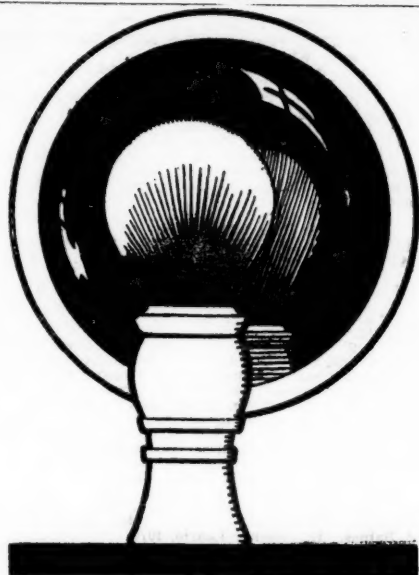
DONNE'S "Paradoxes and Problems," reprinted for the first time since 1652, will be published, in an edition confined to 645 copies, on the 24th, by the Nonesuch Press.

IN "Rembrandt and his School," announced by Scribner's Sons, Professor John C. Van Dyke endeavours to thin out the 800 pictures ascribed to Rembrandt, and finally acknowledges as his not more than fifty. Mrs. H. H. McCormick's "Landscape Art, Past and Present," another autumn publication on the same list, is an illustrated historical survey. "Ventures in Book Collecting," by Mr. W. H. Arnold; "Playwrights on Playmaking," essays by Professor Brander Matthews; and a "History of Assyria," by Professor A. T. Olmstead, are further instances from Scribner's programme.

TO Messrs. Nesbit's series of monographs entitled "Writers of the Day," of which Mr. Bertram Christian is the general editor, there will be added "Bernard Shaw," by Mr. Edward Shanks, and "H. G. Wells," by Mr. Ivor Brown; while Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton's "Arnold Bennett" will be made available in a second edition, revised and brought up to date.

A "STUDIO" work now in progress illustrates "Old Naval Prints: Their Artists and Engravers." The text will be written by Commander C. N. Robinson. 1,000 copies will complete the British Empire edition.

ON January 1st, according to present arrangements, a new American monthly review will make its appearance, entitled "The American Mercury," and edited by Mr. G. J. Nathan and Mr. H. L. Mencken. The purpose of the projectors is "to offer a comprehensive picture, critically presented, of the entire American scene," while "the point of view that it will seek to maintain will be that of the civilized minority." Important new books in all classifications will be noticed; the theatre, "whenever the theatre is interesting," will be surveyed; and, besides the fine arts, American politics and cognate matters will be studied. The publisher is Mr. A. A. Knopf (220, West 42nd Street, New York); and the subscription five dollars a year.



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THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- GUTHRIE (William D.). *The League of Nations, and Miscellaneous Addresses.* New York, Columbia Univ. Press (Milford), 9/-.
 HENDRICK (Burton J.). *The Jews in America.* Heinemann, 6/-.
 *LABOUR. *Labour Party's Aim: a Criticism and a Restatement.* By Seven Members of the Labour Party. Allen & Unwin, 1/6.
 *LAWRENCE (D. H.). *Fantasia of the Unconscious.* Secker, 10/6.
 LODER (J. de V.). *The Truth about Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria.* Foreword by Lord Robert Cecil. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
 MACARTNEY (Maxwell H. H.). *Five Years of European Chaos.* Chapman & Hall, 10/6.
 MATLAND (F. W.) and MONTAGUE (Francis C.). *A Sketch of English Legal History.* Ed. by James F. Colby. Putnam, 9/-.
 PARRY (Judge Edward Abbott). *The Seven Lamps of Advocacy.* Fisher Unwin, 5/-.
 STANNARD (Harold). *The Fabric of Europe: an Historical Survey of International Relations.* Collins, 10/-.
 STATE SERVANTS. *Report of Committee on Pay, &c.* H.M.S.O., 6d.
 VENN (J. A.). *Foundations of Agricultural Economics.* II. Cambridge Univ. Press, 16/-.
 WELLS (Warre B.). *Irish Indiscretions.* Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
 WILLIAMS (Gertrude). *Social Aspects of Industrial Problems.* King, 6/-.
 BONE (Woutrina A.). *Children's Stories and How to Tell Them.* Christophers, 4/6.
 EDUCATION. *The New Order in Education: the Children's Cities.* By Heret. "The Rally" Publishing Dept., 39, Maddox St., W. 1, 2/-.
 GUILDFORD (Nicholas). *The Pageant of Medieval England.* II. Bell, 3/-.
 GWYNNE (Rev. R. L.). *Estaines Parva: a Venture.* Foreword by H. G. Wells. II. S. Birch, 23, Southampton St., W.C. 1, 3/-.
 MAGNUS (Laurie). *The Jubilee Book of the Girls' Public Day School Trust.* For. Cambridge Univ. Press, 5/-.
 MOWAT (R. B.). *State and Commons: Part III. 1688-1832.* Bell, 2/6.
 ROSELY (J.). *Le Pensionnaire: Comédie en un Acte.* Blackie, 6d.
 ROW (Ernest F.). *Elements of Economics.* Harrap, 1/6.
 RYFFEL (B. M.). *Links in the Chain of European History.* Murray, 3/6.
 SMITH (George Adam). *The Teaching of the Old Testament in Schools.* Hodder & Stoughton, 6d.
 *STANLEY (Hon. Oliver), ed. *The Way Out: essays on the Meaning and Purpose of Adult Education.* By A. E. Zimmermann, H. J. Laski, Viscount Haldane, and others. Milford, 4/6.
 TAYLOR (Clara M.). *The Discovery of the Nature of the Air.* II. Bell, 1/6.
 WAITE (Dorothy J.) and ROW (Ernest F.). *First Lessons in Logic.* Harrap, 2/-.
 BURLINGAME (L. L.), HEATH (H.), MARTIN (E. G.), and PEIRCE (G. J.). *General Biology.* Diags. Cape, 21/-.
 HAAS (Arthur). *The New Physics: Lectures for Laymen and Others.* Tr. by R. W. Lawson. 7 diags. Methuen, 8/-.
 *HERDMAN (Sir William A.). *Founders of Oceanography and their Work: an Introduction to the Science of the Sea.* II. Arnold, 21/-.
 LECAT (Maurice). *Probité scientifique.* Louvain, the Author, Avenue des Alliés.
 MCKENZIE (Dan). *Aromatics and the Soul: a Study of Smells.* Heinemann, 7/6.
 NORDMANN (Charles). *The Kingdom of the Heavens: Some Star Secrets.* Tr. by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. Fisher Unwin, 12/6.
 *RUSSELL (Bertrand). *The A.B.C. of Atoms.* Kegan Paul, 4/6.
 SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. *Annual Report for the Year ending June 30th, 1921—Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1915-16.* II. Washington, Government Printing Office.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- ABBEY NATURE BOOKS. *British Mammals.* 3/6.—*British Birds.* 5/-.—*British Reptiles, Amphibians, and Freshwater Fishes.* 3/6.—*British Butterflies and Moths.* 3/6.—*British Insects (General).* 3/6. By W. Percival Westell. Col. II. by Doris Meyer. Chapman & Dodd.
 LAW (Ernest). *The Flower-Lover's Guide to the Gardens at Hampton Court Palace.* II. Bell, 2/-.
 MARTIN (E. M.). *The Happy Fields: a Country Record.* Melrose, 3/6.
 SWANN (H. Kirke). *A Chronological List of British Birds (Bibliography of British Ornithology, Supplement).* Wheldon & Wesley, 5/-.
 BUTLER (Howard Russell). *Painter and Space; or, the Third Dimensions in Graphic Art.* II. Scribner, 21/-.
 NEVILL (Ralph). *Old English Sporting Prints and their History.* 103 pl. "The Studio," 63/-.
 ADCKOCK (A. St. John). *Gods of Modern Grub Street: Impressions of Contemporary Authors.* 32 pors. by E. O. Hoppé. Sampson Low, 7/6.
 BENSON (A. C.), ed. *Selections from Ruskin.* Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/6.
 BOREHAM (F. W.). *Rubble and Roseleaves, and Things of that Kind.* Epworth Press, 5/-.
 *CHESTERTON (G. K.). *Fancies versus Fads.* Methuen, 6/-.
 *DAKERS (Andrew). *Robert Burns: his Life and Genius.* Chapman & Hall, 10/6.
 DITCHFIELD (Peter H.). *Country Folk: a Pleasant Company.* 12 II. Methuen, 7/6.
 JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY. *Bulletin.* Vol. VII. No. 3. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 2/-.
 LOANE (George G.). *A Short Handbook of Literary Terms.* Fisher Unwin, 5/-.
 *MENCKEN (H. L.). *Prejudices Third Series.* Cape, 7/6.
 *PAPINI (Giovanni). *Four and Twenty Minds: Essays.* Tr. by Ernest Hatch Wilkins. Harrap, 10/6.
 S.P.E. TRACT. XIV. *On the Terms Briton, British, Britisher.* By Henry Bradley and Robert Bridges.—*Preposition at End.* By H. W. Fowler. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/6.
 SPENCER (Walter T.). *Forty Years in My Bookshop.* Ed. with Introd. by Thomas Mont. Col. II. Constable, 21/-.
 THOMAS (Gilbert). *Sparks from the Fire: a Volume of Essays.* Chapman & Hall, 6/-.
 *GRANVILLE-BARKER (Harley). *The Secret Life: a Play in Three Acts.* Chatto & Windus, 8/-.
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POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- ANNESLEY (Maude). *Where I Made One.* Hutchinson, 7/6.
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 *BROWN (R. N. Rudmose). *A Naturalist at the Poles: the Life, Work, and Voyages of Dr. W. S. Bruce, the Polar Explorer.* 38 II. Seeley & Service, 25/-.
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 CUSINS (James H.). *The New Japan: Impressions and Reflections.* 14 II. Madras, Ganesh & Co., 6/-.
 DUTTON (Major E. A. T.). *The Basuto of Basutoland.* II. Cape, 10/6.
 HEBER (Reginald). *Heber's Indian Journal: a Selection, with an Introduction, by P. R. Krishnaswami.* Milford, 3/6.
 HERBERT (Agnes). *Northumberland.* Col. II. by A. Heaton Cooper. Black, 7/6.
 MELLAND (Frank H.). *In Witch-Bound Africa: an Account of the Primitive Kaonde Tribe.* 47 II. Seeley & Service, 21/-.
 OXFORD. *A New Pictorial and Descriptive Guide to Oxford and District.* Maps and II. Ward & Lock, 2/-.
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 *RICHARDSON (Capt. Leslie). *Things Seen on the Riviera.* II. Seeley & Service, 3/6.

BIOGRAPHY.

- CUMBERLAND (Gerald). *Written in Friendship: a Book of Reminiscences.* Grant Richards, 7/6.
 LEE (FitzGerald). *Blacklead and Whitewash: a Side-Show of the Great War.* Karachi, India, G. A. Holdaway, Daily Gazette Press, 2rup.
 MILLWARD (Jessie). *Myself and Others.* Ed. by J. B. Booth. 18 II. Hutchinson, 16/-.
 *PAGET (Walburga, Lady). *Embassies of Other Days.* 2 vols. 16 II. Hutchinson, 42/-.
 TOWNSEND (C. M.). *The Mind of John Gibb: a Miniature Portrait.* Nisbet, 2/6.
 *TRAVELIAN (Janet Penrose). *The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward.* Constable, 12/6.
 *YEATS (John Butler). *Early Memories: Some Chapters of Autobiography.* Dublin, Cuala Press, 82, Merrion Square.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- ANDREWS (C. F.). *The Indian Problem.* Madras, Natesan & Co., Irup.
 BLASCO IBANEZ (Vicente). *Mare Nostrum.* Tr. by Charlotte B. Jordan. Popular Ed. Fisher Unwin, 4/6.
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 *FRAZER (Sir James George). *Folk-Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law.* Abridged Ed. Macmillan, 18/-.
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 KAYE-SMITH (Sheila). *Spell Land: the Story of a Sussex Farm.* Cassell, 3/6.
 LIBER (Benzion). *The Child and the Home: Essays.* 2nd Ed. New York, Rational Living, 61, Hamilton Place, \$1.50.
 LUCAS (E. V.). *The Open Road.* Col. II. by Claude A. Shepperson. Methuen, 10/6.
 *RUTHERFORD (Mark). *The Autobiography.* With Introd. by H. W. Macmillan.—*The Deliverance.—The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.* Miriam's Schooling.—Catherine Furze.—Clara Hopgood. Fisher Unwin, 3/6 each.
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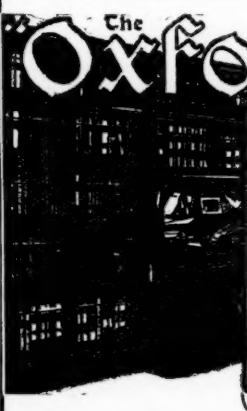
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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

SEPTEMBER PAYMENTS—INCREASING CURRENCY NOTE CIRCULATION.

ONE thing that emerges from much that is uncertain in the financial situation is that the ease in money which was expected to follow the Government interest and bond payments on September 1st has completely failed to materialize. For a week before the actual date of the disbursements money was in plentiful supply, discounts weakened, and prices of gilt-edged securities were advanced by a fraction every day. But that proved at once to be the beginning and the end of it. Three weeks have since gone by, and neither in the Money Market nor on the Stock Exchange has there been any resumption of the antecedent movement. The tendency has, in fact, been quite the other way. One of the results of this may be to modify future estimates when big Government disbursements are pending.

Meanwhile, allowing for a certain amount of exaggeration as to the probable influence of the Treasury payments, some effect was nevertheless to have been expected, seeing that additional payments to the market must, unless counteracted in some way, increase the aggregate supply of credits available. This would seem to apply even in face of such factors as the Italo-Greek crisis and the disaster in Japan. In fact, the conclusion seems to be that to the extent to which additional money was due to reach the market suitable outlets for it had been provided in advance. The explanation that accordingly suggests itself is that the money paid out in respect of War Bonds merely served to make up for an amount already lost by the market in the form of maturities of Treasury Bills with which it had previously parted to public departments. If, then, as seems likely, these bills were allowed by the departments to run off and the money re-loaned to the Government on Ways and Means advances, it is not too much to suppose that, on being paid out again by the Treasury, it would find an immediate and convenient home in the shape of the increased offerings of Treasury Bills—which completes the circuit. It is always difficult to follow out movements of this kind correctly, but that some such counterbalancing operation took place in connection with the September payments seems certain.

This reference to the increased offerings of Treasury Bills lately serves as a reminder of the change which has, temporarily at all events, overtaken the financial situation in its broadest aspects. For the first time over a very long period there has recently been a net increase in floating debt. Last year there was a phenomenal decline in the total debt outstanding of over £200 millions, owing to the heavy weekly excess of revenue over expenditure and the large sales of Treasury Bonds. Since March 31st last, however, there have been very few bonds sold (none during the past three months) and no excess of revenue. Treasury bills have actually increased during the present financial year. The total on March 31st was £616 millions, in April £584 millions, since when there has been a steady advance to £624 millions. One of the reasons for the weakness of discount rates and the contraction in the yields on British Government securities was the lack of sufficient bills as a form of investment for the banks and financial institutions. If the supply of Treasury Bills increases, the course of interest-rates may accordingly alter. In any case, this check to the decline in Treasury Bills outstanding has been accompanied by perfectly consistent movements in other directions. During 1922 Treasury Bills fell by over £300 millions, and banking deposits by £140 millions, whilst the course of the Other Deposits at the Bank of England was similarly consistently downward. There has been far less certainty about this year's movements. In the first and second quarters the process of diminution was continued, but for the eleven weeks to date of the third quarter there has been an increase, the respective figures being £112 millions (first quarter), £107 millions (second

quarter), and £109 millions (to date). Banking deposits have shown the same disposition to expand in the third quarter, the averages, quarter by quarter this year, being £1,684 millions, £1,659 millions, and £1,666 millions (two months). In view of the fact that the relevant figures in each direction had been steadily falling for so long, the present juncture is of interest on the score of novelty alone. Whatever the reaction of cause and effect, it is quite certain, on the facts, that the decline in Treasury Bills, Other Deposits, and banking deposits has been accompanied all along by cheap money, low discount rates, and rising security markets. It will consequently be interesting to see whether the present indications of a reverse tendency will involve a reciprocal movement in discounts and security prices.

The movement in currency notes is also interesting. So long as prices were falling and trade was getting worse, there was naturally a steady return of currency for cancellation. But, during the present year, with the increase in the volume of production in the early months and a fairly steady level of commodity prices, the amount of currency notes and certificates outstanding showed, until a few weeks ago, a decided tendency to rise. Thus the average for the first quarter was £281 millions, for the second £285 millions, while early in August a figure of £294 millions was reached. This movement makes the system under which our currency issue is at present limited a matter of urgent importance. The Treasury Minute, embodying the recommendations of the Cunliffe Committee, provides that the maximum fiduciary issue to be permitted at any time shall be the maximum figure actually reached by the fiduciary issue during the preceding calendar year. The present fiduciary limit is accordingly £270 millions, a figure based on the position of January, 1922; and as the actual fiduciary issue is now only some £240 millions, this provides a fairly considerable margin for trade expansion. But, when the present calendar year expires, the limit will be automatically reduced to about £253 millions, which is only about £4 millions above the fiduciary issue actually reached six weeks ago. In view of the considerable increase in the Note issue which a very slight improvement in trade entailed this year, it is clear that this will not provide an adequate margin for a real revival of industrial activity.

Underwriters of the new Government of Victoria 5 per cent. Conversion Loan (at 99 per cent.) will probably not have to hold their stock very long, even if they have to take a certain percentage of it up. That they may be called upon to do so does not seem unlikely in the present state of the investment market—regarded, that is, from the standpoint of some genuine investment buying, which is really very scarce, though prices are easily advanced. Details of the offer have been widely published. In brief, the public are invited to apply on a £5 ls. 8d. per cent. basis for such part of £9,000,000 as is not allotted to holders of two maturing loans who have been given the opportunity to convert. Quite a large proportion of the total is considered to be in money market hands, having been acquired since it became a short-dated security. Such holders will not convert, but will wait to be paid out in cash.

Anyone who had the courage to buy Tokyo Electric Light Bonds a fortnight ago, when the price slumped on the news of the Japanese disaster, has been well rewarded. Dealings were recorded on the day following the first tidings from Japan as low as 24 discount. The quotation now is about 6 discount. It would have required, however, almost as much fortitude on the part of the speculator to buy at the time as it would have done for anyone to recommend them, in the Press or elsewhere, on the scanty news available.

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